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BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. IV.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no-Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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FUGITIVE BOATBY



EPISTLES
DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

EXHIBITS
DESCRIPTIVE AND ANALYTICAL

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EPISTLES
DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

EPISTLE I.

VERTUMNUS.

TO
MR. JACOB BOBART,

[Professor of Botany, at Oxford.]

FROM
ABEL EVANS, D. D.

THANK Heaven! at last our wars are o'er;
We're very wise, and very poor:
All our campaigns at once are done:
We've ended where we just begun,
In perfect peace: 'long may it last,
And pay for all the taxes past!
Refill th' Exchequer, chase our fears,
And dry up all the ladies' tears,
For husbands, sons, and lovers lost;
In duels some, in battles most.

Rise, rise, ye Britons, thankful rise!
Extol your Empress to the skies;
Crown her with laurels ever green,
With olives fair inwove between:

Her courage drew the conquering sword ;
Her wisdom banish'd peace restor'd.

Long, wond'rous Anna ! may'st thou live,
T' enjoy those blessings which you give :
To guard thy friends, confound thy foes,
And fix the Church and State's repose :
And late, for peace to Britain given,
Be crown'd with endless peace in Heaven !

Farewell, ye camps and sieges dire,
With all your cannons, smoke, and fire !
Ye victories and trophies vain,
A certain loss, uncertain gain !
Ye squadrons and battalions brave,
Who first your foes, then friends enslave !
Ye gallant leaders, who delight,
For glory less, than gold, to fight !
Ye public patriots plac'd on high,
To sell those votes, which first ye buy !
And bards, whose mercenary lays
Such heroes and such statesmen praise !

An honest Muse alike disclaims
Such authors, and their impious themes ;
And, with a more becoming grace,
Her song impartial will address,
Bobart, to thee, the Muses' friend :
Bobart, the promis'd song attend.
And where no difference appears

Betwixt the subject, and the verse ;
But he who praises, and is prais'd,
On equal eminence are rais'd :
No flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
Nor hopes encourag'd of reward.
Such is our case :—I honor thee
For something, thou for something me ;
Sincerely both : our thoughts the same,
Of courtiers, fortune, and of fame ;
Alike (in pity to mankind)
To peace, to heavenly peace, inclin'd.

To peace, my Friend ! that thou and I,
No colors fluttering in the sky ;
With frightful faces, glittering arms
(Bellona's military charms) ;
May undisturb'd and studious rove,
O'er every lawn, through every grove.

See various Nature, in each field,
Her flowers and fruits luxuriant yield ;
While the bright God of day presides
Aloft, and all the seasons guides ;
Jocund to run his annual course,
With never-tiring speed and force.

With golden hair the God of day
Wings from the East his fervid way ;
The stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch along the skies ;

To see him roll his fiery race
Athwart the vast aethereal space ;
Unbind the frosts, dissolve the snows,
As round the radiant Belt he goes.

Mild Zephyrus the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant meads ;
The mountains shout, the forests ring,
While Flora decks the purple Spring :
The hours attendant all the while
On Zephyrus and Flora smile :
The valleys laugh, the rivers play,
In honor of the God of day.

The birds, that fan the liquid air,
To tune their little throats prepare ;
The joyous birds of every shade,
For loitering, love, and music made,
Their voices raise on every spray,
To welcome in the God of day.

The vegetable Earth beneath
Bids all her plants his praises breathe :
Clouds of fresh fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his progress through the skies ;
And Heaven, and Earth, and Air unite,
To celebrate his heat and light :
That light and heat which on our world
From his gay chariot-wheels is hurl'd ;
And every morn does rosy rise,

To glad our dampy, darksome skies :
Which once deserted by his light
Would languish in eternal night.

But Gardening were of all a toil,
That on our hopes the least would smile ;
Should the kind God of day forbear
T' exhale the rains, foment the air :
Or, in an angry mood, decline
With his prolific beams to shine,

Ev'n thou ! though that 's thy meanest praise,
Nor fruits nor flowers could'st hope to raise ;
Howe'er thou may'st in order place,
Of both, the latter, earlier race ;
In glasses or in sheds confin'd,
To shield them from the wintery wind ;
Or, in the Spring, with skilful care,
Range them his influence best to share ;
Did not the sun, their genial sire,
The vegetative soul inspire :
Instruct the senseless awkward root,
And teach the fibres how to shoot :
Command the taper stalk to rear
His flowering head, to grace the year ;
To shed ambrosial odors round,
And paint, with choicest dyes, the ground.

Thou, next to him, art truly great ;
On earth his mighty delegate ;

The Vegetable world to guide,
And o'er all Botany preside :
To see that every dewy morn
Successive plants the earth adorn :
That flowers through every month be found,
Constant to keep their gaudy round :
That flowers, in spite of frost and snow,
Throughout our year, perpetual blow ;
That trees, in spite of winds, are seen
Array'd in everlasting green.

Nor with a care beneath thy skill
Dost thou that vast employment fill.

Hail, Horticulture's sapient King !
Receive the homage that we bring :
While at thy feet, with reverence low,
All Botanists and Florists bow ;
Their knowledge, practice, all resign,
Short, infinitely short, of thine.

For thou 'rt not satisfied to know
The plants that in three nations blow,
Their names, their seasons, native place ;
Their culture, qualities, and race ;
Or Europe's more extended plains ;
Sylvanus', Flora's wide domains :
Whate'er in Africk, Asia, shoots
From seeds, from layers, grafts, or roots ;
At both the Indies, both the Poles,

Whate'er the sea or ocean rolls ;
Of the botanic, herbal kind,
Lies open to thy searching mind.

Noblest ambition of thy soul !
Which limits but in vain control.
Let others, meanly satisfy'd
With partial knowledge sooth their pride :
While thou, with thy prodigious store,
But shew'st thy modesty the more.

Thou venerable Patriarch wise,
Instruct us in thy mysteries :
From thee the Gods no knowledge hide,
No knowledge have to thee deny'd :
The rural Gods of hills or plains,
Where Faunus, or Favonia reigas.

Then tell us, as thou best dost know,
Where perfect happiness does grow.
What herbs or bodies will sustain
Secure from sickness, and from pain :
What plants protect us from the rage
Of blighting Time, or blasting Age ;
Which shrubs, of all the flowery field,
Most aromatic odors yield.

Shew us the trees by Nature spread,
To form the coolest noon-tide shade ;

When our first ancestors were seen,
Out-stretch'd upon the grassy green :
Nor any food or covering sought,
But what from trees and woods they got :
Who, after various ages spent
In ease, abundance, and content,
Knew not what wars, or sickness meant ;
But, chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th' Elysian fields retir'd,

Recount the precepts they observ'd ;
How from their rules they never swerv'd :
Such as Alcinous of old
To his beloved Phaeaceans told ;
Or those Apollo first did teach
His son, the Epidaurian leech,

Long ere the Romans us'd to dine
Beneath their planes manur'd with wine ;
On Tyrian couches, thoughtless lay,
And drank, and laugh'd, and kiss'd away
Each sultry, circling, Summer's day :
On polish'd ivory beds reclin'd,
Flung care and sorrow to the wind :
And, scorning Nature's temperate rules,
Like madmen liv'd, and dy'd like fools :

Teach us, thou learn'd judicious Sage,
The manners of a wiser age !

To thee was given by Jove to keep
Those grottoes where the Muses sleep :
To plant their forests where they sing,
Fast by the cool Castalian spring :
With myrtles their pavilions raise ;
Soft, intermix'd with Delian bays :
And when, they wake at earliest day,
To strew with sweetest flowers their way.
Transcendent honor ! here below,
The Muses and their haunts to know !

Anna ! look down on Isis' towers ;
Be gracious to the Muses' bowers :
And, now thy toils of war are done ;
Anna ! protect Apollo's throne :
'Twas he the dart unerring threw ;
Python the snaky monster slew.

The Muses' bowers, by all admir'd,
But those Fanatic rage has fir'd,
Or Atheist fools, who freedom boast,
Themselves to slavery fetter'd most.
Stern Mars, may thunder, Momus rail ;
But Wisdom's goodness will prevail.

On Isis' banks, retirement sweet !
Tritonian Pallas holds her seat.

Minerva's gardens are thy care ;
Bobart ! the Virgin-power revere ;

Thy hoary head with vervain bound,
The mystic grove thrice compass round ;
The waters of lustration pour,
And thrice the winding walks explore :
Lest some presumptuous wretch intrude,
With impious steel to wound the wood ;
Or, with rash arm, prophanely dare
To shake the trees, the leaves to bare,
And violate their sacred hair :
Or, by worse sacrilege betray'd,
The blossoms, fruits, or flowers, invade.

Ye strangers ! guard your heedless feet,
Lest from the herbs their dews ye beat :
Cosmetic dews, by virgins fair,
Exhal'd in May with early care,
Will to their eyes fresh lustre give,
And make their charms for ever live.

Minerva's gardens are thy care ;
Jacob, the Goddess-maid revere.

All plants which Europe's fields contain,
For health, for pleasure, or for pain,
From the tall cedar that does rise
With conic pride, and mates the skies ;
Down to the humblest shrub that crawls
On earth, or just ascends our walls,
Her squares of Horticulture yield :
By Danby planted, Bobart till'd.

Delightful scientific shade,
For knowledge, as for pleasure, made!

'Twas generous Danby first inclos'd
The waste, and in parterres dispos'd ;
Transform'd the fashion of the ground,
And fenc'd it with a rocky mound ;
The figure disproportion'd chang'd,
Trees, shrubs, and plants, in order rang'd ;
Stock'd it with such excessive store,
Only the spacious earth had more :
At his command the plat was chose,
And Eden from the chaos rose :
Confusion in a moment fled,
And roses blush'd where thistles bred,

The Portico, next, high he rear'd,
By builders now so much rever'd,
Which like some rustic beauty shews,
Who all her charms to Nature owes ;
Yet fires the heart, and warms the head,
No less than those in cities bred ;
Our wonder equally does raise
With them, as well deserves our praise,

The work of Jones's master-hand :
Jones, the Vitruvius of our land ;
He drew the plan, the fabrick fix'd,
With equal strength and beauty mix'd ;

With perfect symmetry design'd;
Consummate, like the donor's mind.

Illustrious Danby! splendid peer!
Look downward from thy radiant sphere,
The Muses' thanks propitious hear.
When, Albion, will thy Nobles now,
Such bounty to Minerva shew?

There, where old Cherwell gently leads
His humid train along the meads;
And courts fair Isis, but in vain,
Who laughs at all his amorous pain;
Away the scornful Naiad turns,
For younger Tamus Isis burns.

Close to those towers, so much renown'd
For slavery lost and freedom found:
Where thy brave sons, in hapless days,
Wainfleet, to thy immortal praise,
Their rights municipal maintain'd
Submiss, not their allegiance stain'd:
To loyalty and conscience true;
Gave Caesar and Themselves their due;
Close to those towers, by Jove's command,
The gardens of Minerva stand.

There 'tis we see thee, Bobart, tend
Thy favorite greens; from harms defend
Exotic plants, which, finely bred

In softer soils, thy succour need ;
Whose birth far-distant countries claim,
Sent here in honor to thy name.
To thee the strangers trembling fly,
For shelter from our barbarous sky,
And murdering winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel drifts of rain or snow ;
And dreadful ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien vegetables bring.

Nor art thou less inclin'd to save,
Than they thy generous aid to crave :
But, with like pleasure and respect,
Thy darling tribe thou dost protect :
Lessen their fears, their hopes dilate,
And save their fragrant souls from fate :
While they, secure in health and peace,
Their covert and their guardian bless.

This makes thee rouse at prime of day,
Thy doubtful nursery to survey :
At noon to count thy flock with care,
And in their joys and sorrows share,
By each extreme unhappy made,
Of too much sun, or too much shade ;
Be ready to attend their cry,
And all their little wants supply ;
By day severest sentry keep,
By night sit by them as they sleep ;

With endless pain and endless pleasure,
As misers guard their hoarded treasure.
Till soft Favonius fans the flowers,
Breathes balmy dews, drops fruitful showers ;
Favonius soft, that sweetly blows,
The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose :
And, with the gentle Twins at play,
Brings in th' Elysian month of May.
Then boldly from their lodge you bring
Your guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy Foreigners! to find
From Islanders such treatment kind :
Not only undisturb'd to live,
But, by thy goodness, Bobart, thrive :
Grow strong, increase, their verdure hold,
As dwelling in their native mold.

The rest, who will no culture know,
But ceaseless curse our rains and snow :
A sickly, sullen, fretful race ;
The gardener's and his art's disgrace ;
Whom Bobart's self in vain does strive,
With all his skill to keep alive :
Which from beneath th' Æquator come,
In India's sultry forests bloom.
Of these, at least, since nature more
Denies t' encrease thy living store,
Their barks, or roots, their flowers, or leaves,

Thy Hortus Siccus still receives :
In tomes twice ten, that work immense !
By thee compil'd at vast expence ;
With utmost diligence amass'd,
And shall as many ages last.

And now, methinks, my Genius sees
My Friend, amidst his plants and trees ;
Full in the center there he stands.
Encircled with his verdant bands ;
Who all around obsequious wait,
To know his pleasure, and their fate :
His royal orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die, or live :
That not the proudest kings can boast
A greater, or more duteous, host.

Thou all that power dost truly know,
Which they but dream of here below ;
Thy absolute despotic reign
Inviolably dost maintain,
Nor with ill-govern'd wrath affright
Thy people, or insult their right :
But, as thy might in greatness grows,
Thy mercy in proportion flows :
Nor they undutiful deny
What 's due to lawful majesty ;
Safe in thy court from all the cares,
Domestic treasons, foreign wars

Which monarchs and their crowns perplex,
Whom factions still, or favorites vex.

But thou, on thy botanic throne,
Sit'st fearless; uncontrol'd, alone :
Thy realms in tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or, rising, are as soon dissolv'd :
Free from the mischiefs and the strife
Of a false friend, or fury wife :
And if a rebel slave, or son,
Audacious by indulgence grown,
Presumes above his mates to rise,
And their dull loyalty despise :
Thou, awful Sultan ! with a look,
Canst all his arrogance rebuke ;
And, darting one imperial frown,
Hurl the bold traitor headlong down :
His brethren, trembling at his fate,
Thy dread commands with reverence wait :
Thy wondrous power and justice own,
And learn t' assert a tottering throne.

Thus, Kings that were in empire wise,
Rebellions early should chastise ;
And give their clemency no time,
Betwixt th' offender and the crime,
With fatal eloquence to plead,
Which does more rebels only breed.
Bobart, to Kings thy rules commend,
For thou to Monarchs art a friend.

Thus, Sovereign Planter ! I have paid
The debt, the promis'd present made :
Do thou, what 's written for thy sake
With freedom, with like freedom take :
Take the just praise thy Friend may give,
And in my verse for ever live !

EPISTLE II.

TO
SIGNIOR ANTONIO VERRIO,
AT HAMPTON COURT;

ON THE GRANT OF WOODSTOCK PARK, &c.
TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1704.

FROM
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

RENOWN'D in arms when mighty Heroes rise,
Th' immortal Muse in lasting numbers tries
To future ages to transmit their fame,
And give them, after death, a living name.
The fields of bliss below, the shady grove,
Were the reward of all their toils above;
The Mantuan Swain has fill'd the solemn place
With the wreath'd worthies of his Roman race;
While greater Marlborough disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate,
But reaps that glorious harvest whilst he lives,
Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.
Elysian shades shall now no more be sought,
The gay creation of the Poet's thought;
The royal gift displays a nobler view,
No feign'd Elysium can exceed the true.

Woodstock her lov'd Plantagenet no more
Laments, when Marlborough shall her state restore ;
She for whom Chaucer's tuneful lyre was strung,
And Wilmot's Muse in softer transport sung,
From lonely bowers her lofty head shall rear,
And chearful, like her conquering Lord, appear.
Through her cool glades, on every verdant plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure reign :
High on her walls, Imperial Eagles tell,
By bolder hands how fierce Bavarians fell ;
Here we behold, by Verrio's pencil wrought,
The numerous spoils from Swabian conquests brought ;
How o'er th' opposing Schellenberg he run,
Which none before but great Gustavus won.
Here, camps assaulted, and a city storm'd ;
There, on expanded plains, the battle form'd ;
Through seas of blood the fiery coursers fly,
And rapid streams and thundering brass defy ;
While echoing cliffs and sylvan heights around
With groans and shouts alternately resound.
Surrendering squadrons with their lillies torn,
And haughty chiefs before his prowess born ;
In exile One, and One beneath his chain,
Strive for a Crown and Liberty in vain.

Gild his victorious car, bold Artist ; draw
Albion rejoicing, and the World in awe ;
Paint in full splendor all his acts, that claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame.
Make him Gaul's glittering flowers in homage yield,

To fix them faster in Britannia's shield ;
Let Austria's sacred branch in state descend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend ;
Let your great genius on the canvass show,
How the swift Rhine, and how the Danube flow,
How eastward this, in streaming purple strays,
How that, his captives to our coasts conveys ;
How thus the trophies, he at once has won,
Haste to the rising and the setting sun.

EPISTLE III.

TO A
FRIEND.

FROM
JOHN WHALEY, M. A.

RECAPITULATING THE PARTICULARS OF A
JOURNEY TO HOUGHTON.

SWEET Nymphs, that dwell on Pindus' verdant side,
And o'er the woods without a blush preside,
Celestial Muses, deign your Bard a lay,
As on the winding banks of Yare I stray.
Yet if the Nymphs from Pindus scorn to bow,
Nor deign to listen to a voice so low ;
Their pride I will repay, and in despite,
While such my theme, of all the Muses write.

Recall we then, for still 'twill please, to mind
The morn we left dull Norwich smoke behind,
When, as the lofty spire just sunk from view,
To a fair verdant water'd vale we drew ;
Where 'midst fair Liberty's all joyous plains
Popery still seems to hug her galling chains.

The dragon in Hesperian gardens old
Thus slumbering lay, and tasted not the gold ;
Thus, 'midst th' eternal spring Judea keeps,
The lazy poison of Asphaltus sleeps.

Bend then, my Muse, thy flight to Weston's plains
(No verse can flow where papal Slavery reigns),
Weston ! whose groves not envy Pindus' shade,
Nor, blest with Ridley, want Apollo's aid.
Here Virtue reigns, and o'er the fruitful land
Religion walks, with Freedom hand in hand ;
His little flock the pious priest informs,
And every breast with heaven-born doctrine warms ;
Soft flows his stream of eloquence along,
And truths divine come mended from his tongue.
Here the known bounty of the place we blest,
And to our number join'd the chearful priest,

Through ancient Elmham next our way we take,
And gravely nodding wise reflections make ;
How strongest things destructive Time o'erturns,
And the waste town its ravish'd mitre mourns ;
" Mitre ! repeats the priest with simpering leer,
'Twill fit at Norwich full as well as here."

But now, my Muse, in blushes hide thy face,
Nor deign the next vile town in verse a place ;
Unless thou canst indite in Blackmore's strain,
And say, we call'd full hungry at the Swan,
" But found not hay for horse, nor meat for man."

Dire hunger! that with meagre visage stalks,
And never fails to cross the poet's walks:
But three short miles soon brought us bounteous aid,
And Mileham's fulness Brisley's want o'erpaid.
See! the gay Unicorn the wood adorn,
Fair sign of plenty, with his ivory horn!
Here Ceres spread her fruits with lavish hand,
And Bacchus laughing waited our command.

Hence pleas'd and satisfy'd we take our road,
And sometimes laugh and talk, but oftner nod.
Yet this soft indolence not long we kept,
But wak'd to see where others faster slept;
Where Coke's remains beneath the marble rot,
His cases and distinctions all forgot;
His body honor'd and to Fame consign'd,
For virtues flowing from th' immortal mind.
What would avail this sumptuous mass of stone,
Were he not from his works for ever known?
Let the survivors of such great men's dust,
Ne'er think to add to Virtue by a bust;
If false, posterity will find the lye,
If true, without it, it will never die,
But through succeeding ages shine the same,
Or from some Leicester catch a brighter flame.

But farewell death, and tombs, and moldering urns,
Our eye with joy on neighb'ring Raynham turns;
Where pleasures undecaying seem to dwell,
Such as the happy in Elysium feel,

Where heroes, statesmen, and the virtuous crowd
Receive the great reward of being good.
Such pleasures ev'n on earth had heaven ordain'd,
For him who once our tottering state sustain'd ;
Who join'd the glorious freedom-loving crew,
Fix'd to great Caesar what was Caesar's due,
And then, dictator-like, to fields withdrew.
Fair ran the current of his age, serene
As the pure lake that bounds the various scene.
Here whate'er Nature beauteous boasts we find,
Charming when separate, but more charming join'd,
Pleasures, though chang'd, we meet where'er we rove,
On hill, in dale, on plain, in shady grove ;
Here swell the hillocks crown'd with golden grain,
There, at their feet, fair flows the liquid plain,
O'er those the larks extend their labor'd note,
On this the swans in snowy grandeur float,

To Houghton then we take our pleasing way,
Thrice happy boundary of a well-spent day ;
Here chearful Plenty met the wearied guest,
And splendid Welcome doubly crown'd our rest,

Thou then, Apollo, aid the Poet's lay,
Thy beams gave lustre to the following day ;
When in one house more beauties join'd we found,
Than e'er thou seest in al lthy glorious round ;
Where Walpole plac'd, with curious happy cost,

Whate'er magnificence or taste can boast,
 Where, in what building noblest has, we find
 Preserv'd, what painting liveliest e'er design'd.
 See! Sculpture too her beauties here disclose,
 Such as old Phidias taught and Rysbrack knows;
 Laocoon here in pain still seems to breathe,
 While round his limbs the poisonous serpents wreath,
 Life struggling seems through every limb to pass,
 And dying torments animate the brass.

The pencil's power the proud saloon displays,
 And struck with wonder on the ~~paint~~ ^{hints} we gaze.

See! the proud Rabbins, at the sumptuous board,
 Frown on the wretch who kneels before her Lord,
 And the rich unguent, in devotion meet,
 Pours, mix'd with tears, on her Redeemer's feet.
 In vain with hypocritic rage they glow,
 While mercy smooths the heavenly stranger's brow;
 He the true penitent with ease describes,
 Sees the heart speaking in the melting eyes,
 Bids every tear with full effect to stream,
 And from his vengeance all her sins redeem.

On the next cloth behold Van Dyck display
 Celestial innocence, immortal day:
 His pencil here no more with nature vies,
 Above her plastic power his genius flies;
 Soars on Promethean wing aloft, and there
 Steals forms which heaven born cherubs only wear;

Pours airs divine into the human frame,
Darts through his children's eyes seraphic flame,
While o'er the sacred forms such beauties reign,
As not belie the sainthood they contain.

Behold! where Stephen fainting yields his breath,
By great Le Sueur again condemn'd to death;
With strange surprise we view the horrid deed,
And then, to pity melted, turn the head,
Lest, as spectators of the martyr's fall,
We innocently share the crime of Saul.
Here too Albani's pencil charms the eye;
Morellio here unfolds the azure sky,
Sweet modest charms the Virgin's cheek adorn,
To Heaven on wings of smiling seraphs borne.

The next gay room is known by Carlo's name,
Fair Mausoleum of Maratti's fame!
Such strokes, such equal charms, each picture boasts,
We venture not to say which pleases most.
Thus on the galaxy with joy we gaze,
Nor know which star emits the brightest rays.
Yet if beyond himself he ever flew,
If e'er beyond a mortal's touch he drew,
Amidst the glow that from that purple breaks,
Look on yon Pope, nor wonder if he speaks.
With length of days and fame Maratti blest,
Ne'er wept departed genius from his breast;
But, when just drooping, sinking to the ground,
Spread sportive Loves and laughing Cherubs round;

Ev'n Death, approaching, smil'd, and made a stand,
And gently stole the pencil from his hand.
Thus falls the sun, and, as he fades away,
Gilds all th' horizon with a parting ray.

Next on the gorgeous cabinet we gaze,
Which the full elegance of paint displays;
In strong expressions of each master's mind,
The various beauties of this art we find;
Here vast invention, there the just design,
Here the bold stroke, and there the perfect line;
With ease unequall'd here the drawing flows,
And there inimitable color glows.
With summer here the cloth Bassano warms,
There locks the world in winter's hoary arms,
On the warm view we look with pleas'd amaze,
Then turn to frost, and shudder as we gaze.

Mirth unrestrain'd in rustics humble cells
On chearful Teniers' laughing canvass dwells,
Nor ever are his warm expressions faint,
But laughing we enjoy the comic paint;
Till scenes more horrid break upon our eye,
Effects of Borgognone's too cruel joy.
Strong was his fancy, and his genius good,
But, bred in camps, he mix'd his tints in blood;
Alternate bore the pencil and the sword,
And the same hands that fought, the fight record.

But lo ! and let the pious tear be shed,
On the sad cloth the world's great Master dead,
The mother see ! in grief amazing drown'd,
And sorrow more than mortal spread around.
What striking attitudes ! what strong relief !
We see, we wonder at, we feel the grief.
Who could such power of speaking paint employ ?
Own, Parma, own thy darling son with joy ;
Still to his memory fresh trophies rear,
Whose life insatiate war itself could spare,
No arms he needed 'midst the fatal strife,
But to his potent pencil ow'd his life,
The wondering soldier dropp'd the lifted sword,
Nor stain'd those hands he only not ador'd,

Now, as Aeneas in the Stygian glades
Wondering beheld departed heroes shades,
Amidst the forms of worthies dead we range,
By eternising paint preserv'd from change.
Here law and learning dwell in Wandesford's face,
While valiant Whartons shine with martial grace ;
And the soft females of the race declare
That these no braver were than those were fair ;
In garter'd glory drest here Danby stands,
And Laud with air imperious still commands.

The next great form with melancholy eye,
And inauspicious valor, seems to sigh.
Peace to his soul ! howe'er 'gainst right he fought,
Be in his dreadful doom his sin forgot ;

Too much misled to leave his honor clear,
 Too wretched not to claim a generous tear!
 A wretch to Virtue's still a sacred thing!
 How much more sacred then, a murder'd king!
 But be our wrath, as it deserves, applied
 To his two guides, still closest to his side,
 Laud and the Queen, whose fatal conduct shew,
 What bigot zeal and headstrong pride could do.

But see where Kneller now our eye commands
 To pictur'd kings, familiar to his hands,
 Kings to support a free-born people made,
 Kings who but rul'd to bless the lands they sway'd;
 Sovereigns, whose inoppressive power has shown,
 Freedom and monarchy, well-join'd, are one.

See mighty William's fierce determin'd eye,
 Freedom to save, or in her cause to die;
 As when on Boyne's important banks he stood,
 And as his deeds surpris'd the swelling flood,
 All torn and mangled, false Religion fled,
 And crush'd Oppression snarl'd beneath his tread.

Next in the steady lines of Brunswick's face,
 Majestic manly honesty we trace;
 Pleas'd, as on Sarum's plain, with glad accord,
 When willing thousands hail'd their new-come lord,
 And (far beyond a tyrant's baneful glee)
 The king rejoic'd to find his people free.

Good prince, whose age forsook thy native land,
To bless our Albion with thy mild command,
Long may this sacred form of thee remain,
Here plac'd by him whose counsels bless'd thy reign!
And ever may his sons with joy relate,
That he as faithful was as thou wert great!

But now, my Muse, to soberer pomp descend,
And to the cool arcade my steps attend.
Here, when the summer-sun spreads round his ray,
Beneath the bending arch young Zephyrs play,
And, when it farther from our orb retires,
Old Vulcan smiling lights his chearful fires.
Hither the jolly hunter's crew resort,
Talk o'er the day, and re-enjoy their sport.
Here too, with brow unbent, and chearful air,
The mighty statesman oft forgot his care;
Knew friendship's joys, and still attentive hung
On Pelham, Edgumbe, Devonshire, or Yonge;
In senates form'd or private life to please,
There shar'd his toil, and here partook his ease.

Here by thy stay, my Muse, though pleas'd, not
long,
Thy sister Painting claims again my song,
Where thron'd in state the Goddess we descry,
As the gay gallery opens on our eye.
Here in her utmost pomp well-pleas'd she reigns,
Nor weeps her absent Rome or Lombard plains;

Here the great master's genius still survives,
Breathes in the paint, and on the canvass lives.
Whate'er in Nature's forming power is plac'd,
Fair to the eye and luscious to the taste,
Is by our cheated sense with joy perceiv'd,
Nor but by touching are we undeceiv'd.
Pausing, and loth to be convinc'd, we stand,
Lest the fair fruit should suffer from our hand,
Lest the press'd plum our ruder touch should own,
Or swelling peach bewail its injur'd down:
Less dare we to the fish or fowl draw near,
Though tempting, strongly guarded they appear;
Frighted we scarce can brook the horrid looks
Of dogs, and snarling cats, and swearing cooks.
What strokes, what colors, Snyders could command!
How great the power of Rubens' daring hand!
Immortal Rubens! whose capacious mind,
Of the vast art to no one part confin'd,
Pierc'd, like the sun's quick beam, all nature
through,

And whatsoe'er the goddess form'd he drew.
See! Mola next the Roman deeds displays,
That bids our hearts be patriot as we gaze.
Here Julio's wondrous buildings still appear,
And swelling domes still seem to rise in air.
Great shade of Poussin! from the Muse receive
All the renown a verse, like hers, can give.
Genius sublime! to reach thy soaring praise,
A Muse like Maro's should renew her lays;

Rival of Raphael! such thy wondrous line,
'Tis next to his; and only not divine.

Ye maids, employ'd in spotless Vesta's sight,
Lend me a beam of your eternal light;
Full on yon' picture throw the sacred ray,
And high imperial chastity display.
See! the great Roman, on his martial throne,
Outdo whate'er in war his arms had done!
See him rise far beyond a soldier's fame,
And Afric's victor but a second name!
Valiant and great he trod the field of blood,
But here is virtuous, bountiful, and good;
Resists the utmost power of female charms,
Feels all their force, yet gives them from his arms,
And, lord of all the passions of his breast,
Defeats ev'n Love, and makes his rival blest.
Wonderful strokes, that through the eye impart
Such various motions to the human heart!
Through it a thousand floating passions move,
We pity, wonder, weep, rejoice, and love.

The moral tale thus exquisitely told,
His colors now diviner truths unfold;
At Horeb's rock in sacred awe we stand,
And pencil'd miracles our faith command.
The mighty law-giver his rod displays,
And the tough flint his potent touch obeys;
Quick into streams dissolves the solid stone,

And floats the waste with waters not its own.
See there the shrivel'd cheek, or languid eye,
Swell into health, or lighten into joy;
As eager crowding in the draught they join,
Reviving thousands bless the stroke divine.
But thou, fair damsel, with distinguish'd worth,
Emblem of filial piety, stand forth;
Forgot her own consuming inward fire,
She lifts untouch'd the vessel to her sire;
With the cool draught his heaving breast relieves,
And, as she soothes his pain, her own deceives.

With scenes too sad Salvator strives to please,
Since what creates our wonder spoils our ease;
We give the wretched prodigal a tear,
And wish his kind forgiving father near.

As on Avernus' banks the hero stood,
Scar'd at the dreary darkness of the wood,
Till through the leaves fair shot th' auspicious light,
And with the branching gold reliev'd his sight;
So rescued from the horrid scene we stand,
By the sweet effluence of Guido's hand.
Soft to the sight his every color flows,
As to the scent the fragrance of the rose.
Pure beams of light around the Virgin play,
Clad in the brightness of celestial day;
Be as they may the broils of fierce divines,
Pure and unspotted here at least she shines.

Thee too, Lorrain, the well-pleas'd Muse should
name,

Nor e'er forget Domenichini's fame,
But sudden sorrow stops the flowing line,
And not one smile is found among the nine.
Behold where all the charms that Heaven could give,
Blended in one sweet form still seem to live ;
Then sink to tears, nor stop the bursting groan,
When thou art told that all those charms are gone.
Relentless Death, still forcing to the grave
The good, the fair, the virtuous, and the brave,
Here the whole malice of his power put on,
And aim'd a dart that slew them all in one.
How fair, how good, how virtuous was the dame,
A thousand hearts in anguish still proclaim,
How brave her soul, against all fear how tried,
Sad, fatal, proof she gave us when she died.

Thou, then, my Friend, no farther verse demand,
Full swells my breast, and trembling shakes my hand ;
And these sad lines conclude my mournful lay,
Since we too once must fall to Death a prey,
May we like Walpole meet the fatal day !

EPISTLE IV.

DESCRIBING A VOYAGE TO

TINTERN-ABBAY,

In Monmouthshire.

FROM

WHITMINSTER

In Gloucestershire.

BY SNEYD DAVIES, D.D.

FROM where the Stroud, smooth stream, serenely
glides,

We reach the peopled Severn's rapid tides;
Stop, ere we sail; and from this point survey
The hill-encompass'd, sea-resembling bay;
See the ridg'd tide with sober grandeur heave,
And float in triumph o'er the river-wave.
Lo! where it comes, with what extensive sweep,
Like some whale sidelong rolling on the deep.
Wide and more wide, it joins the distant hills
By swift degrees, and the great bason fills.

We sail; now steadily; now gulphs inform
The tumbling waves to imitate a storm.

The rising shores a thousand charms bestow,
Lawns at their feet, and forests on their brow ;
The pleasing villas, neighbours to the flood,
The taper spire, and the surrounding wood.

These lines, my C * *, read, and pity too
The shadowing pencil to the scene untrue :
See the bright image of thy thought decay'd,
And all its beauties in description fade.

Where to each other the tall banks incline,
And distant cliffs dividing seem to join,
A narrow frith ! our gallant Argo's way,
A door that opens to the boundless sea ;
What, if some ship with strutting sails come on,
Her wanton streamers waving in the sun !
Just in the midst, as fancy would contrive,
See the proud vessel o'er the billows drive.

The streight is past ; the waves more strongly beat,
The prospects widen, and the shores retreat,
Tritons, and Nereids ! how we leave behind
Towns, palaces, and run with tide and wind ?
Here, noble Stafford, thy unfinish'd dome,
And thence the long-stretch'd race of Berkeley come.
Till tossing, and full feasted more than tir'd,
We change the wilder scene for paths retir'd,
Quit the rough element, and watery strife,
As from a public to a private life,

Seek a calm coast, and up the channel ride,
Where Vaga mingles with Sabrina's tide.

The sister streams, from the same hill their source
Deriving, took, when young, a various course,
And, many a city, many a country seen,
High towers, and walls antique, and meadows green,
Now glad to meet, nor now to part again,
Go hand in hand and slide into the main.

In spite of Time, and War, and Tempest, great,
Ascending Chepstow shews its castled seat,
Beneath slope hills, and by the rolling flood,
Clasp'd in a theatre of aged wood,
With air majestic, to the eye stands forth,
Towering, and, conscious of its pristine worth,
Lifts its sublime decay, in age's pride
Erect, and overlooks the climbing tide.

Pass but some moments, the returning sea
Shall those high-stranded vessels sweep away;
That airy bridge, whence down we look'd with fear,
Will low and level with the flood appear.

The crooked bank still winds to something new,
Oars, scarcely turn'd, diversify the view;
Of trees and stone an intermingled scene,
The shady precipice and rocky green,
Nature behold, to please and to surprize,
Swell into bastions, or in columns rise;

Here sinking spaces with dark boughs o'ergrown,
And there the naked quarries look a town,
At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
Tintern her venerable fabric rears,
While the sun, mildly glancing in decline,
With his last gilding beautifies the shrine :
Enter with reverence her hallow'd gate,
And trace the glorious relics of her state ;
The meeting arches, pillar'd walks admire,
Or musing hearken to the silenc'd choir.
Encircling groves diffuse a solemn grace,
And dimly fill th' historic window's place ;
While pitying shrubs on the bare summit try
To give the roofless pile a canopy.

Here, O my Friends, along the mossy dome
In pleasurable sadness let us roam :
Look back upon the world in haven safe,
Weep o'er its ruins, at its follies laugh.

IV.

EPISTLE V.

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

On the Mines, late of Sir Carbery Price.

FROM

THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

WHAT spacious veins enrich the British soil,
The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.

O generous Mackworth! could the Muse impart
A labor worthy thy auspicious art;
Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
And secret treasures of the land explore;
Apollo's self should on the labor smile,
And Delphi quit for Britain's fruitful isle.

Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
And aged Dovey in the ocean's lost,

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears ;
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
To guard the treasures she conceals below.
For Earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room :
Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
And mountains swell to a portentous size.
Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
The sullen earth a gloomy surface wears ;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects supplies,
Indulgent oft to what her sons despise :
Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
The noblest treasure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land ! from whose indulgent womb,
Such unexhausted stores of riches come !
By heaven belov'd ! form'd by auspicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great !
Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
In Dovey's flood his rivall'd empire's lost ;
Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current shows,
Dispersing blessings wheresoe'er it flows ;
Whose native treasure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The antient Britons are a hardy race,
Averse to luxury and slothful ease ;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud ;
With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wisely does nature such an offspring choose,
Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns :
But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
And thro' the earth their branching veins pursue.

As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost ;
To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
The strength design'd of European kings :
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make reprisals on the grasping main ;
Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the storms before,
The miner thus thro' perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea ;
Drawing, in pestilential steams, his breath,
Resolv'd to conquer, tho' he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades :
He cuts thro' mountains, subterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes
Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.

Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And, as he strikes, with each resistless blow
The anvil yields, and Aetna groans below.

Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
The miner's art, and make the best return:
Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labor still exhaust the gains:
The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
Convey thy ore, and labor at thy mine;
Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.

Downward, my Muse, direct thy steepy flight,
Where smiling shades, and bounteous realms invite;
I first of British bards invoke thee down,
And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Thro' dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundless store;
The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
Whether the active sun, with chymic flames,
Thro' porous earth transmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring shines with its paternal light:

On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
With joy descends, and labors in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by subterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams;
Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine,
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preserve their beauty, and return the same;
Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the basis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid:
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat sprung alone.

Nature in specious beds preserves her store,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The spreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery store, a spring supplies
The lesser streams that round its fountain rise;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents stray.

Methinks I see the rounded metal spread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head;

About the globe th' admired coin shall run,
And make the circle of its parent sun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, blest !
Enrich'd with more than all the distant west !
Thy sons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithless main,
Traffic no more abroad for foreign spoil,
Supplied with richer from their native soil.
To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home,
To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
And wish in vain to see our sails return ;
Like misers heaping up their useless store,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.
Where-e'er the British banners are display'd,
The suppliant nations shall implore our aid :
Till thus compell'd, the greater worlds confess
Themselves oblig'd, and succour'd by the less.

How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
Thus sacred verse transmits the story down :
Merlin, a bard of the inspired train,
With mystic numbers charm'd the British plain ;
Belov'd by Phoebus, and the tuneful nine,
His song was sacred, and his art divine :
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he stood,
His wonderous verse restrain'd the listening flood ;

The stream's bright Goddess rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful-shepherd led.
Her swift-descending steps the youth pursues,
And rich in ore the spacious mountain views.
In beds distinct the well-rang'd metals lay,
Dispersing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The silver, shedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking sight;
Like rising flames the ruddy copper show'd,
And spread its blushes o'er the dark abode:
Profuse of rays, and with unrivall'd beams,
The liquid silver flow'd in restless streams:
Nor India's sparkling gems are half so bright,
Nor waves above, that shine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddess spake; harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with sacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd these treasures lie in nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero shall ascend the British throne,
Whose numerous triumphs shall Augusta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his sway a generous youth shall rise,
With virtues blest, in happy councils wise;
Rich with the spoils of learning's various store,
Commanding arts, yet still acquiring more.
He, with success, shall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;

The smiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.

O Youth, reserv'd by more auspicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the state!
By wars impoverish'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds supplies;
Thou shalt a nation's pressing wants relieve,
Not war can lavish more than thou canst give.

This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The muse's darling, and the boast of fame;
No greater virtues on record shall stand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the
land.

EPISTLE VI.

ADDRESSED TO

TWO LADIES,

AT THEIR RETURN FROM VIEWING THE MINES NEAR
WHITEHAVEN.

BY J. DALTON, D. D.

WELCOME to light, advent'rous Pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From sulph'rous damp in caverns deep,
Where subterranean thunders sleep,
Or, wak'd with dire Aetnean sound
Bellow the trembling mountain round,
Till to the frightened realms of day
Thro' flaming mouths they force their way;
From bursting streams, and burning rocks,
From nature's fierce intestine shocks;
From the dark mansions of despair,
Welcome once more to light and air!

But why explore that world of night
Conceal'd till then from female sight?
Such grace and beauty why confine
One moment to a dreary mine?

Was it because your curious eye
The secrets of the earth would spy,
How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
How bubbling fountains learn to flow ?

Or rather that the sons of day
Already own'd your rightful sway,
And therefore, like young Ammon, You
Another world would fain subdue ?

What tho' sage Prospero attend,
While You the cavern'd hill descend,
Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
You shun the shelving roof, and tread
With cautious foot the rugged way,
While tapers strive to mimic day ?
Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
The Daemons of the mine restrains,
To whom their parent, jealous Earth,
To guard her hidden stores gave birth,
At which, while kindred Furies sung,
With hideous joy pale Orcus rung ;
Tho' boiling with vain rage they sit
Fix'd to the bottom of the pit,
While at his beck the Spirits of air
With breath of heaven their taints repair ;
Or if they seek superior skies,
Thro' ways assign'd by him they rise,
Troop after troop at day expire
In torments of perpetual fire ;

Tho' he with fury-quelling charms
The whole Infernal Host disarms,
And summons to your guarded sides
A squadron of Aetherial Guides,
You still, when we together view
The dreadful enterprize and You,
The public care and wonder go
Of all above and all below.

For at your presence toil is o'er,
The restless miner works no more.
Nor strikes the flint, nor whirls the steel
Of that strange spark-emitting wheel,
Which, form'd by Prospero's magic care,
Plays harmless in the sulphurous air,
Without a flame diffuses light,
And makes the grisly cavern bright.
His task secure the miner plies,
Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise ;
But quits it now, and hastes away
To this great Stygian holiday.

Agape the sooty collier stands,
His axe suspended in his hands,
His Aethiopian teeth the while
" Grin horribly a ghastly smile,"
To see two Goddesses so fair
Descend to him from fields of air.
Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
Of gloomy Dis, infernal God,

With pity when th' Orphean lyre
Did every iron heart inspire,
Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heavenly strains,
And respited eternal pains.

But on You move thro' ways less steep
To loftier chambers of the deep,
Whose jetty pillars seem to groan
Beneath a ponderous roof of stone.
Then with increasing wonder gaze,
The dark inextricable maze,
Where cavern crossing cavern meets,
(City of subterraneous streets!)
Where in a triple story end
Mines that o'er mines by flights ascend.

But who in order can relate
What terror still your steps await?
How issuing from the sulphurous coal
Thick Acherontic rivers roll?
How in close center of these mines,
Where orient morning never shines,
Nor the wing'd Zephyrs e'er resort,
Infernal darkness holds her court?
How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow,
Thro' her grim sultry realm You go,
Till purer rising gales dispense
Their cordials to the sickening sense?

Your progress next the wondering Muse
Thro' narrow galleries pursues ;
Where Earth the miner's way to close,
Did once the massy rock oppose :
In vain, his daring axe he heaves,
Tow'rds the black vein a passage cleaves :
Dissever'd by the nitrous blast,
The stubborn barrier bursts at last.
Thus urg'd by Hunger's clamorous call,
Incessant Labor conquers all.

In spacious rooms once more You tread,
Whose roofs with figures quaint o'erspread
Wild Nature paints with various dyes,
With such as tinge the evening skies.

A different scene to this succeeds :
The dreary road abruptly leads
Down to the cold and humid caves,
Where hissing fall the turbid waves.
Resounding deep thro' glimmering shades
The clank of chains your ears invades.
Thro' pits profound from distant day,
Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
High on huge axis heav'd, above,
See balanc'd beams unweary'd move !
While pent within the iron womb
Of boiling caldrons pants for room,
Expanded steam, and shrinks, or swells,
As cold restrains, or heat impells,

And, ready for the vacant space,
Incumbent air resumes his place,
Depressing with stupendous force
Whate'er resists his downward course.
Pumps mov'd by rods from ponderous beams
Arrest the unsuspecting streams,
Which soon a sluggish pool would lie ;
Then spout them foaming to the sky.

Sagacious Savery ! taught by thee
Discordant elements agree,
Fire, water, air, heat, cold, unite,
And listed in one service fight,
Pure streams to thirsty cities send,
Or deepest mines from floods defend.
Man's richest gift thy work will shine ;
Rome's aqueducts were poor to thine !

At last the long descent is o'er ;
Above your heads the billows roar :
High o'er your heads they roar in vain ;
Not all the surges of the main
The dark recess can e'er disclose,
Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppose ;
Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
With interposing roof divides !

From such abyss restor'd to light,
Invade no more the realms of night,

For Heroines it may well suffice
Once to have left these azure skies.
Heroes themselves, in days of yore,
Bold as they were, achiev'd no more.
Without a dread descent you may
The mines in their effects survey,
And with an easy eye look down
On that fair port and happy town.

Where late along the naked strand
The fisher's cot did lonely stand,
And his poor bark unshelter'd lay,
Of every swelling surge the prey,
Now lofty piers their arms extend,
And with their strong embraces bend
Round crowded fleets, which safe defy
All storms that rend the wintry sky,
And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
The fury of the roaring main.
The peopled vale fair dwellings fill,
And length'ning streets ascend the hill;
Where Industry, intent to thrive,
Brings all her honey to the hive;
Religion strikes with reverent awe,
Example works th' effect of law,
And Plenty's flowing cup we see
Untainted yet by luxury.

These are the glories of the mine!
Creative Commerce, these are thine!

Here while delighted, You impart
Delight to every eye and heart;
Behold, grown jealous of your stay,
Your native stream his charms display,
To court you to his banks again;
Now wind in wanton waves his train,
Now spread into a chrystal plain;
Then hid by pendent rocks would steal,
But tuneful falls his course reveal,
As down the bending vales he roves
Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholm's groves;
Whose broad o'erspreading boughs beneath
Warbling he flows, while Zephyrs breathe.

Here softly swells the spacious lawn,
Where bounds the buck, and skips the fawn,
Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groups enjoy the breeze.

Amid yon sunny plain, alone,
To patriarchal reverence grown,
An oak for many an age has stood
Himself a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with swift decay,
Race after race, have pass'd away.
See still his central trunk sustain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain,
And hospitable shade inclose,
Where flocks and herbs at ease repose!

There the brown fells ascend the sky,
Below, the green inclosures lie;
Along their sloping sides supine
The peaceful villages recline:
On azure roofs bright sun-beams play,
And make the meanest dwelling gay.
Thus oft the wise all-ruling Mind
Is to the lowly cottage kind;
Bids there his beams of favor fall,
While Sorrow crowds the lofty hall;
That this may fear his awful frown,
And grateful that his goodness own.

If, grown familiar to the sight,
Lowther itself should less delight,
Then change the scene: to Nature's pride,
Sweet Keswick's vale, the Muse will guide.
The Muse, who trod th' enchanted ground,
Who sail'd the wonderous lake around,
With You will haste once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

From savage parent, gentle stream!
Be thou the Muse's favorite theme:
O soft insinuating glide
Silent along the meadow's side,
Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
Resplendent all thro' fluid glass,
Unless upon thy yielding breast
Their painted heads the lilies rest,

To where in deep capacious bed
The widely liquid lake is spread.

Let other streams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore,
Rush raving on with boisterous sweep,
And foaming rend the frightened deep,
Thy gentle Genius shrinks away
From such a rude unequal fray;
Thro' thine own native dale, where rise
Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,
Soften the horrors of the scene,
And thro' confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts your mind.
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd,
The cragged cliff, impendent wood,
Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale
O'er the cap'd hill, and darken'd vale;
The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round th' aerial ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy sky,
With full expanded pennons fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey

Thence with death-dooming eye survey :
Channels by rocky torrents torn,
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,
To start again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleasing, tho' an awful sight :
For, seen with them, the verdant Isles
Softened with more delicious smiles,
More tempting twine their opening bowers,
More lively glow the purple flowers,
More smoothly slopes the border gay,
In fairer circle bends the bay,
And last, to fix our wandering eyes,
Thy roofs, O Keswick, brighter rise
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail !,
To whom all Britain sinks a vale !
Lo, his imperial brow I see
From foul usurping vapors free !
'Twere glorious now his side to climb,
Boldly to scale his top sublime !
And thence—my Muse, these flights forbear,
Nor with wild raptures tire the Fair.
Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
The subject of thy rambling song.

Far other scenes their minds employ,
And move their hearts with softer joy.
For pleasures they need never roam,
Theirs with affection dwell, at home.
Thrice happy they at home to prove
A Parent's and a Brother's love;
Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
Learn every virtue, every grace,
Which lustre give in female life
To daughter, sister, parent, wife:
Grateful to see her guardian care
A tender Father's loss repair,
And, rising far o'er grief and pain,
The glories of her race maintain.

Their ancient seats let others fly,
To roll beneath a foreign sky,
Or loitering in their villas stay,
Till useless summers waste away,
While, hopeless of their lord's return,
The poor exhausted tenants mourn;
From Lowther she disdains to run
To bask beneath a southern sun,
Opens the hospitable door,
Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor;
Bids tenants share the lib'ral board,
And early know and love their Lord,
Whose courteous deeds to all extend,
And make each happy guest a friend,
To smiling Earth the grateful Main

Thus gives her gather'd streams again
In showers on hill, and dale, and plain.

O may the virtues which adorn
With modest beams his rising morn,
Unclouded grow to perfect day!
May He with bounty's brightest ray
The natives cheer, enrich the soil,
With arts improve, reward their toil,
Glad with kind warmth, our northern sky,
And generous Lonsdale's loss supply.

EPISTLE VII.

(WRITTEN IN THE CLOSE OF WINTER)

TO A

FRIEND,

JUST LEAVING A FAVORITE RETIREMENT,

Previous to settling abroad.

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL HENLEY,
F. S. A.

ERE yet your footsteps quit the place
Your presence long hath deign'd to grace,
With softening eye and heart deplore
The conscious scenes your own no more.

When vernal clouds their influence shower,
Expand the bud, and rear the flower,
Who to yon leafing grove will come
Where the rath primrose loves to bloom,
And fondly seek with heedful tread
The forward floret's downy head?
Or, when the violet leaves the ground,
Scent the pure perfume breathing round?

The garden tribes that gladlier grew
While cherish'd by your fostering view,
No more resume their wonted hues,
No more their wonted sweets diffuse.

Who first will spy the swallow's wing,
Or hear the cuckoo greet the Spring?
Unmark'd shall then th' assiduous dove
With ruffling plumage urge his love;
Unnoted, though in lengthen'd strain,
The bashful nightingale complain!

O'er the broad down who then delight,
Led by the lapwing's devious flight,
To see her run and hear her cry,
Most clamorous when least danger's nigh?

Who listless now will sauntering stay
Where rustics spread th' unwither'd hay,
And o'er the field survey askance
The wavy vapor quivering dance?
Or sunk supine with musing eye
Listen the hum of noon-day fly?
Or watch the bee from bell to bell
Where shelter'd lilies edge the dell?
Or mid the sultry heat reclin'd
Beneath the poplar woo the wind,
While to the lightest air that strays
Each leaf its hoary side displays?

Who, drawn by Nature's varying face,
O'er heaven the gathering tempest trace ?
Or, in the rear of sunny rain,
Admire the wide bow's gorgeous train ;
Till blending all its tints decay,
And the dim'd vision fleets away
In misty streams of ruddy glow
That cast an amber shine below,
And melting into ether blue
The freshen'd verdure gild anew ?

Who now ascend the upland lawn
When Morning tines the kindling dawn,
To view the goss'mer pearl'd with dew
That tremulous shoots each glistening hue ?
Or mark the clouds in liveries gay
Surround the radiant orb of day ?
Who, when his amplest course is run,
Wistful pursue the sinking sun ?
To common eyes he vainly shines,
Unheeded rises, or declines !

In vain, with saffron light o'er'spread,
Yon summit lifts its verdant head,
Discovering ev'ry whiten'd cote
And coppice, clear to eye remote ;
While down the steep each loftier oak,
Outbraving still the woodman's stroke,

Detains, athwart th' impurpling haze,
The golden glance of westering rays.

The rook-lov'd groves and grange between,
Dark hedge-row elms with meadows green,
The grey church peeping half through trees,
Slopes waving corn as list the breeze,
The podding bean-field striped with balks,
The hurdled sheep-fold, hoof-trod walks,
The road that winds aslant the down,
The skirting furze-brake, fallow brown,
The wind-mill's scarcely circling vane,
The villager's returning wain,
The orient window's crimson blaze
That flares obtrusive on the gaze,
The eager heifer's echoing low
Far from her calf compell'd to go,
From the tall ash the throstle's lay
That bids farewell to lingering day,
The dale's blue smokes that curling rise,
The plodding hind that homeward hies,
The stilly hum from glimmering woods,
The lulling lapse of distant floods,
The whitening mist that winding spreads
As winds the brook adown the meads,
The plank and rail that bridge the stream,
The rising full-moon's umber'd gleam,
Twixt severing clouds that richly dight
Let gradual forth her brightening light,

No more the onward foot beguile
Where pollards rude protect the stile.

Whose look now scans the dusky sphere
To note successive stars appear ?
Who now the dawning flush descries
That upward streams o'er northern skies ;
Or the wan meteor's lurid light
That headlong trailing mocks the sight ?

Midst the lush grass who now require
The glow-worm's ineffectual fire ?
Or catch the bells from distant vale,
That load by fits the freshening gale,
Till flurrying from her ivied spray
The moping owl reings her way ?
When Autumn sere the copse invades
No more you haunt the woodland glades,
To eye the change from bough to bough ;
Or eddying leaf descending slow,
That, lighting near her calm retreat,
Prompts the shy hare to shift her seat ;
Or peering squirrel nimbly glean
Each nut that hung before unseen ;
Or flitting down from thistle born ;
Or glossy haw that crowds the thorn,
Whence oft in saws observers old
Portend the length of winter's cold.

Wak'd by the flail's redoubling sound,
When spangling frost o'ercrisps the ground,
No more forego bewildering sleep
To climb with Health yon airy steep.

When deepening snows oppress the plain
The birds no more their boon obtain ;
The red-breast hovering round your doors
No more his stated mess implores
Where all that needed found relief,
No tearful eye laments their grief ;
No lenient hand dispels their pain ;
Fainting they sue, yet sue in vain.

But though the scenes you now deplore
With heart and eye be your's no more ;
Though now each long known object seen
Unreal as the morning's dream,
You still with retrospective glance,
Or rapt in some poetic transe,
At will may ev'ry charm renew ;
Each smiling prospect still review :
Through memory's power and fancy's aid
The pictur'd phantoms ne'er shall fade.

And, oh ! where e'er your footsteps roam,
Where e'er you fix your future home,
May joys attending crown the past,
And heaven's best mansion be your last.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO
THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.

FROM
GILBERT WHITE, M. A.

THE
NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING WALK.

-----equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium.

Virg.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the hour to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing:
Amusive birds!—say where 's your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat?

Whence your return, by such nice instinct led
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head ?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The GOD OF NATURE is your secret guide !
While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day
To yonder bench leaf-shelter'd let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night ;
To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry ;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood ;
To catch the distant falling of the flood ;
While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-owl hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering
song ;

While high in air and pois'd upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft-enamor'd woodlark sings :
These, NATURE's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy :
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er each cheek, and thrills the creeping vein !

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine ;

The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine ;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoaking through the trees.
The chilling night-dews fall :—away, retire ;
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire !

Thus, ere night's veil had half obscur'd the sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.

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EPISTLE IX.

THE
ACADEMIC SPORTSMAN;

OR,
A WINTER'S DAY.

BY THE REV. GERALD FITZGERALD.

THE feather'd game that haunt the hoary plains,
Where ice-bound winter hangs in chrystal chains,
The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun
By lightning usher'd and by death outrun,
The spaniel springing on the new-fall'n prey,
The friend attendant and the spirits gay ;
These are the scenes which lur'd my earliest days,
And scenes like these continue still to please.

Oft when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
Brace the slack nerves and animate the man :
Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
(For studious cares solicit something new)
From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;

Through length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I
glide,
The fatal tube depending at my side ;
No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
No rattling carriage drives me to the wall ;
The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
In silence frown like mansions of the dead—
Save, where the sooty-shrouded wretch cries "Sweep,"
Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame—
Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
With tott'ring steps, comes reeling to and fro—
Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !
Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !—
Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my Friend, with aims far diff'rent born,
Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn ;
With sturdy sinews brush the frozen snow,
While crimson colors on our faces glow.
Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of health to man.

To yonder vales that spread beneath the hills,
Where MILTOWN river winds with murm'ring rills,

Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
 And right and left with anxious care attend ;
 The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
 Scents every leaf that on the margin grows,
 Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plashy spring!
 The frighted snipe darts upward on the wing,
 With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
 In vain! for death e'en persecutes him there—
 Another springs! but, happier in his flight,
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun, and panting still for breath,
 With arms recruited for the work of death,
 Pleas'd we behold the gay transparent gleam
 Of frozen lake, that skirts the purling stream,
 With inlaid figures and mosaic wrought,
 With margin rich, and lucid pendants fraught—

'Till lively Ranger chides our long delay,
 Gambols around, then forward springs away.

Heaven! what delights my active mind renew,
 When out-spread nature opens to my view,
 The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
 The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light ;
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
 The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way ;
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires,

In incense wafted to the throne on high,
To Him who form'd the earth—the air—the sky,
Who gives me health and vigor to enjoy,
Guides me e'en now, and guarded when a boy—
Accept, great GOD! the fervor of my prayer,
And, as before, continue still thy care,
Oft as I view thee in creation's dress,
Be mine to praise thee, as 'tis thine to bless.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
The wary woodcock rustles through the brakes,
With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force;
Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;
'Till chance decides the long-contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varnish'd dye,
The tortoise-color'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill that steers his vent'rous way
From Northern climes, and dar'd the boisterous sea!

To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigor fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate ;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden ! he sees the roving INDIAN nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
'Till, arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.
Unhappy man ! who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone ;
In vain ! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

But why, my Muse ! when livelier themes I sought,
Why change the rural scenes to sober thought ?
Why rouse the patriot ardor in my breast,
Useless its glow, when FREEDOM droops deprest ?
Not mine to combat lux'ry's lordly stride,
My humble lot forbids th' aspiring pride,
Forbids to stop Depopulation's hand
That crushes industry, and frights the land,
That robs the poor of half their little store,
And insurrection spreads from shore to shore.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of Sovereigns to attend;
Be mine the care to range this ample field,
Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,
Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
And purge the aether with successive fire,
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouse my Friend that lingering stays behind.
Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains,
The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

Oh friendship! name for ever lov'd, ador'd,
Thou richest gift, which heaven for man has stor'd,
To me more dear, congenial to my breast,
Than all the hoards and honors of the East;
Whene'er through life's more arduous paths I ben'
Be there to guide, and aid me to my end;
Or when the sports of rural scenes I try,
With converse sweet each interval supply;
In all extremes of business or of ease,
Be there to comfort, and be here to please;
Unlock the sluices of my flowing heart,
And to its course thy genial warmth impart,
Augment its stream, refine it as it flows,
'Till fair creation its clear current shews—
May no rude passions toss it into foam;
Nor restless commerce on its bosom roam;

But chear'd by brightning science may it run,
No cares to ruffle, and no rocks to shun ;
Or glide sequester'd through SILVANUS' shades,
The flocks of PAN, and FLORA's flowery meads,
While the pleas'd MUSES, with auspicious smile,
Breathe pastoral music, and the time beguile.

And thou, dear spaniel ! friend in other form !
Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
Lives in each look, and vibrates through thy frame ;
And thou, dear pointer ! never devious stray,
But search the plains inquisitively gay.
With length'ned side and sapient nose inhale
The floating vapor of the scented gale—
Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year
By LIBRA weigh'd rewarded CERES' care,
Through new-shorn fields with active vigor bound,
Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground ;
Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
With keenest attitude, the timorous prey ;
Then, statue like, with lifted foot proclaim
The Partridge near, and certify the game—
Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue,
Be still attendant, and be still in view.

Now had the sun, in noon-tide robes array'd
Of fleecy clouds, the subject world survey'd ;
Onward we move, to gain the mountain's side,

That East and West attends in solemn pride,
With lofty head that breathes the gelid gale,
Browbeats the city, and o'erlooks the vale;
Adown its face the trickling riv'lets run,
Spread at his feet, and bathe them in the sun;
These to disclose we trace the rugged soil,
And many a shot repays the pleasing toil;
'Till tir'd at length with new-discover'd game,
We mark the course reserv'd for future fame.

As when the Spaniards, with unceasing pains,
Through Chili rov'd to Charcas' barren plains,
Approach'd Potosi's arduous height, that boasts
The richest treasures of the southern coasts;
The latent veins they labor to explore
Of pregnant mines that teem with sparkling ore,
With rising rapture spring them into day,
And, flush'd with pleasure, plan their future sway.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
Demands a thought for respite and for rest,
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie;
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
The splendid domes, that emulously rise;
The lowly hamlets scatter'd here and there,
That scarcely swell to breathe refreshing air;
The hedge row'd hills, and intermingled vales,
The distant villas fann'd by floating gales;

And eastward still, the wide extended main,
By commerce cover'd, awes the solemn scene.

These to behold may please the vacant mind,
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
That yonder smokes by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd;
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd;
The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care;
The milky store, for cream collected first,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
While crackling faggots brightening as they burn,
Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lambkin dear that frisks about the house—
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal;
Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the dye which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo! forward comes the father of his flock,

Of honest front : salutes with rustic gait,
Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
'Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see :
Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
He seeks from labor, and he gains from health ;
Then talks of sport ; how many wild ducks seen !
What flocks of widgeon too had fledg'd the green !
'Till every 'prentice dar'd the city shun,
Range the wide field, and lift the level gun.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
The hasty evening calls us from the cot ;
A small gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a blessing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye Proud ! disdain their state to hear,
The state of Nature crowns their frugal cheer ;
Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—
To you unknown their labors and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace ;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives calm current flows without a name.

With limbs refresh'd, with lively tales and gay,
We homeward haste, and guile the tedious way ;
Each object view in wintery dress around,
And eye the dogs that wanton o'er the ground ;

The pensive red-breast on the leafless bough,
And just beneath, the fragrance-breathing cow ;
While, still more grateful, with her cleanly pail,
The ruddy milkmaid hears a tender tale
From the lov'd swain, who swells th' alternate sigh,
Leans on his staff, and lures her sidelong eye,
With artless guise, his passion to impart,
With looks that speak the language of his heart—
Her's was the sweetness of the milk she press'd,
And his the fervor of the sweets caress'd ;
A Daphne she, with rural grace attir'd,
A Damon he, with faithful love inspir'd :
Thrice happy Pair ! whom guiltless joys adorn,
Pure as the eve, and constant as the morn ;
No pride-born cares, to frustrate or control
Your mutual vows responsive to the soul,
'Till sacred Hymen binds the nuptial band,
And blends your lives, a blessing to the land.

Hence, Contemplation lifts th' internal eye,
Fix'd on the love of Providence on high,
That still impartial through the world extends
In bounteous blessings vary'd to their ends ;
From the rich Ukrain to Siberia's snow,
Adapted sweets in every climate grow ;
The rude Tongusian, quiver'd for the chace,
Feels joys unknown to Persia's splendid race,
Through wilds immense pursues the savage brood,
At once his pride, his raiment and his food ;

No difference proves, but what from fancy springs,
'Twixt tented Tartars, and empalac'd Kings—
But soon the visionary scene withdraws,
And active sports solicit new applause,
For yonder come—yet distant to the eye,
The vagrant Plover wafted through the sky ;
Swift to the hedge, on different sides we run,
That skirt the copse, and hide the deadly gun ;
Onward they move, regardless of their state,
A single guide conducts them to their fate,
The sudden thunder bursts upon their head,
The foremost fall, and all the rest are fled.

Thus where its forests vast Niagara spreads,
And wild Oswego all its horror sheds,
The sons of Britain march'd in vent'rous pride,
No foe to front them, and no caution guide,
'Till every tree with hidden rage conspires,
And every shrub emits destructive fires ;
What could they do ? or where the vengeance fly ?
They wheel—they drop—and all or run or die ;
The gun relentless no compassion shews,
And no respect of different objects knows ;
Alike regardless, when its fury's stirr'd,
Of man or beast—a Braddock or a bird.

But while I thus its dire effects attend,
'Tis man alone must answer for the end ;
The gun, like riches, claims no genuine use,

But, just as rul'd, will good or ill produce,
Whether it rolls the raging tide of war,
Or only frights the tenants of the air,
For empire level'd, or for health caress'd,
The motive, not the mean, is curs'd or blest.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,
A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And scarce distinct the distant town appears—
Back to our mind, in swift succession, throng
(To cheat the time and steal the road along)
The various sports of all the summer past,
When lingering long-vacation came at last ;
Imagination fondly sports to tell,
How many grouse ! how many partridge fell !
And quick transports me, gladden'd as I go,
Where the proud Gaulties lift their awful brow,
Oft did I there with lively spirits run,
Mount on their back to meet the rising sun,
When toiling, panting, labor-spent and slow,
I stopp'd to breathe ;—and view'd the plains below,
And thee, dear village ! loveliest of the clime,
Fain would I name thee, but I can't in rhyme,
When first my years in youthful pleasures past,
And where in age I hope to die at last ;
Fain would I dwell upon thy native charms,
Thy verdant hills and cultivated farms—
But sudden rous'd, I see the pointers wind,
My brother-sportsmen pressing close behind,

The grumbling heathcock feels an instant wound,
Adown he falls, and thuds against the ground—
Again, methinks I see the service spread,
The cold provisions on the cakes of bread
The mountain stream, of babbling accents nigh,
My couch the heath, my canopy the sky,
Aeneas-like, I eagerly devour
The plates themselves—the quarter'd cakes of flour,
Like him arise new conquests to pursue,
Then end my toil and tell of all I knew.

So at the close of toilsome, hardy life,
The veteran soldier brags of glorious strife,
What dangers past, what cities he had seen,
What battles fought, when thousands strew'd the
green,
'Till fancy-warm'd he seems to fight them o'er,
And, tir'd at last, he braves and boasts no more.

Blest with the view of Stephen's-green at last,
Amusive fancy paints its pleasures past;
Where shady walks entice the noon-tide gale,
And whisp'ring lovers' softly-sighing tale;
The ogling belle, the pert and powder'd beau,
And dame delighted pretty miss to shew;
The trader trim, that struts with vacant air
To catch the breeze, or captivate the fair—
But now no more Florillus glads the green,
Lucinda's gone, and desolates the scene.

The rising moon with delegated sway,
Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the busy tumults of the street—
With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
And bloody news from lungs horrific pours,
The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd, with love's fantastic joy ;
The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that
shews

Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose ;
While close behind the shivering female strays,
Parted from virtue, innocence and ease—
See once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
Through all the village known for spotless fame,
Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;
'Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit ;
There perish'd grace, her guardian honor fled,
And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead !
Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
She wanders now to every vice a prey—
A prey to yonder terror of the night,
(Avert, ye Gods ! such monsters from my sight).
The bully dire : whose front the furies swell,
And scars dishonest mark the son of hell—
In vain ! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face ;

To scenes Tartarean, see! the wretches hie,
Where, drench'd in vice, they rave—they rot—or die.

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign;
Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health;
Where undisturb'd, unenvy'd, unconfin'd,
Calm Reason rules each moment of the mind;
Where mock'd Ambition seeks her last retreat,
And proves the world a bubble or a cheat.

Through clam'rous streets at length by caution led,
Lo! Alma Mater rears her reverend head,
Unfolds the portals of her awful courts,
Where, nurs'd by Science, future fame resorts—
Pleas'd we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,
And hot repast that gives content and ease;
While keenest appetites a zest bestow,
Which listless luxury can never know;
The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our fare,
We next the jug of cordial punch prepare;
Or purple claret sparkling as we pour,
Nectareous juice! to chear the social hour,
When toil declining claims refreshment's smiles,
And mirthful innocence the time beguiles.

With conscious joy our nets we then review,
And all the conquests of the day renew,

Boast of our skill, and palliate where it fails,
For e'en in trifles human pride prevails—
Not to ourselves the feather'd spoil confine,
But range them round for friendship's sacred shrine;
The rural bliss redoubles in our breast,
In pleasing others when ourselves are blest:
Nor you, my Friends! disdain what you adore,
We gave with pleasure, and would give you more;
Our off'ring take, and as we wish survey
The grateful produce of a Winter's day.

EPISTLE X.

FROM THE HONORABLE

CHARLES FOX,

Partridge-Shooting.

TO THE HONORABLE

JOHN TOWNSHEND,

Cruising.

BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

WHILE you, dear Townshend, o'er the billows ride,
Mulgrave in front, and Hanger by your side,
Me it delights the woods and wilds to court,
For rustic feats and unambitious sport.

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,
When the last, ling'ring, clubs to bed retire,
I rise!—how should I then thy feelings shock,
Unshav'd, unpowder'd, in my shooting frock!
“What frock?” thou criest—I'll tell thee—the old
brown;
Trimm'd to a jacket, with the skirts cut down—
Thou laugh'st; I know, thou dost; but check that
sneer;

What tho' no fashion'd sportsman I appear,
Yet hence thy Charles's voice gains shriller force;
Ah! Jack, if Dunning shot, he'd not be hoarse.

Nor deem ev'n here the cares of state forgot,
I wad with gazettes ev'ry second shot:
Almon's bold sheets the intervals supply;
And still, methinks, his charges farthest fly.

Of too, while all around my pointers stray,
With patriot names I cheer them on their way:
No servile ministerial runners they!
Not Ranger then, but Washington, I cry;
Hey on! Paul Jones, re-echoes to the sky:
Toho! old Franklin—Silas Deane, take heed!—
Cheer'd with the sound, o'er hills and dales they
speed:

Till one, to whose quick sense and practis'd skill
His active followers yield a hasty will,
Touch'd by the scent the passing gales convey,
With startled vigilance presumes the prey:
The rest a disciplin'd subservience keep;
Dash where he runs, and as he crouches, creep:
At length the hostile league one point avow:
Now places, places! order, order, now!
"Bunb'ry! let me (I cry) for party's sake,
"Teach thee where best to aim, what ground to
take."

And see, a young bird rises, weak and slow ;
“ At him, Sir Charles ! ”—He fires, and lays him
low—

Scar'd at the sound, up the full covey springs ;
Richard at random fires, and only *wings* :
Not so thy Charles ; intent with half-clos'd sight,
Cautious I watch their veteran leader's flight :
At him I aim, the covey's head and guide ;
I fire ; but ah ! too plainly on one side :
Again I try, like *rising to explain*,
A double barrel's force, but try in vain ;
Against myself the heated tube recoils,
Nor gains one feather to requite my toils.

But if too soon the startled covey rise,
And move a *previous question* in the skies,
My faithful groom quick marks them as they spring,
And counts their noses, undeceiv'd as Byng :
Whether in close array, and *nemini con*,
To their old beaten ground the covey's gone ;
Or, scattering wild, in petty parties fall,
Some to *pair off*, and some to wait a *call*.

Thus from each kindred image, fancy draws
The latent emblem of a nobler cause.
If chance, a stray, lone, bird my course invites,
I think of Meredith, and proselytes ;
Mean, mangled, game not for itself I prize ;
Vengeance and Palliser to memory rise.

Some senatorial type ev'n Pointers yield;
One loves too narrow, one too wide a field;
This creeps below, that springs above his work,
As Hartley slow, or uncontrol'd as Burke.
With rav'nous ardor some devour the prey;
O gentle Sawbridge, lash such fiends away!
Others, with puzzling zeal, small objects mark;
Judicious Luttrell, bid them *ware a lark!*

But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,
With spruce cockade, heroically smart,
Come, and once more together let us greet
The long lost pleasures of St. James's Street.
Enough o'er stubbles have I deign'd to tread;
Too long wer't thou at anchor, at Spithead!

Come, happy Friend! to hail thy wish'd return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn,
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardors flash from Beauty's eyes.
Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand,
Pride of Fop-alley, tho' a little tann'd:
What tender joy the gazing Nymphs disclose!
How pine with envy the neglected Beaux!
While many a feeble frown and struggling smile,
Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil,
And seem with reprehensive love to say,
"Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore didst thou stray?"
"What fatal havoc might one shot have made,
"If not thy life, thy leg the forfeit paid!

“ That shot thy foretop might have made it’s prey,
“ Or sing’d one dear devoted curl away ;
“ Or lopp’d that hand, the pride of love and lace ;
“ Or scarr’d, with bolder sacrilege, thy face.”

Soon as to Brooks’s thence thy footsteps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend !
See Gibbon rap his box ; auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine ;
See Beauclerk’s cheek a tinge of red surprise,
And Friendship give what cruel Health denies.
Important Townshend ! what can thee withstand ?
The ling’ring black-ball lags in Boothby’s hand ;
Ev’n Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due.
That night thy Charles’s board shall welcome you.
Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste ;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie’s motley paste ;
Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,
And, know, I’ve bought the best Champagne from
Brooks ;
From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill,
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill ;
Who, nurs’d in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid !

On that auspicious night, supremely grac’d
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste,

Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,
Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours ; far happier themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams.
Each *beauty* that *sublimity* can boast
He best shall tell, who still unites them most.
Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate ;
If Sheridan for once be not too late :
But scarce a thought to Ministers we'll spare,
Unless on Polish Politics, with Hare :
Good-natur'd Devon ! oft shall then appear
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer :
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.
And while each guest attends our varied feats
Of scatter'd covies and retreating fleets,
Me shall they wish some better sport to gain,
And Thee more glory from the next campaign.

EPISTLE XI.

THE PROJECT.

TO THE
REV. DEAN TUCKER.

By the Same.

Verum, ubi, tempestas, et coeli mobilis humor
Mutavere vias, et Jupiter uvidus Austris
Densat erant quae rara modo, et quae densa, relaxat,
Vertuntur species animorum.-----

Virg.

SINCE sage philosophers aver,
That *climate* forms the *character* ;
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,
Just as its air is hot or cold ;
What schemes might crafty statesmen lay,
If such a system they'd obey ?

Suppose the Turks, who now agree
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,
Should build an ice house, to debate
More *cooly* on affairs of state,
Might not some Mussulmen be brought,
To brace their minds, not shrink at thought ?

How, as their blood began to cool,
Would nature scorn despotic rule ?
The silken sons of slavish ease,
Wou'd glow for freedom, while they freeze ;
And, in proportion to the coldness,
Discover latent fire and boldness.

For thus 'tis Montesquieu explains
The power of air upon the veins ;
The short'ning fibres brac'd by cold,
The blood flies back, the heart grows bold ;
Relax'd by heat, their force declines,
The spirits droop, the being pines :
'Till, quite o'erpow'r'd, the sick'ning soul,
Yields to the atmosphere's control.
Thus air each impulse can impart,
To that *thermometer*, the heart.

Thanks, mighty Jove, thy sovereign care,
Environs us with Northern air !
Our atmosphere to honor leads,
Inspires the breast to hardy deeds ;
The heart beats quick ;—the spirits rise ;
All which our *latitude* supplies.
Yet, (for extremes ev'n virtue mar)
We sometimes carry ours too far :
When winter winds too chilly pierce,
We grow impatient, wild and fierce ;
While every softer virtue flies,
To gentler climes, and milder skies.

To moderate this bold extreme,
Is oft the philosophic theme ;
Sense, wit, and policy combine ;
But still too learnedly refine.
The system's plain if well pursued ;
We must correct our *latitude*.

How many *Questions* have been lost,
By the house meeting in a *frost* ?
The opposition flock together,
Like strings of wild geese, in hard weather ;
Keen, as the blast that chills their blood,
They nip each ministerial bud :
The tender bloom of *ways and means*,
That *North* with wit and wisdom screens,
Too oft their adverse influence feels,
Shrinks from the storm, and half congeals ;
That, ev'n in all his blushing grace,
Bamber scarce thaws them, with—his *face*.

Whence then, in spite of sense and reason,
Do statesmen choose *this* adverse season ?
Why not the parliament adjourn,
'Till summer's *genial suns* return ?
But ah, what honest squire would stay
To make his *speech*, instead of *hay* ?
The *Beaux* wou'd scarcely think of law,
To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa* :

And say ye *sportsmen*, wou'd a member
Attend *St. Stephen's* in September ?

Winter, stern pow'r ! must still create
The kindred storms of mad debate ;
Still, by the climate's magic pow'r,
Must gloomy statesmen droop and lour,
Unless some *Project* we can frame
To sooth its rage, its rigor tame.

A simple plan the Muse explains ;
Nor asks a patent for her pains.

In either house, below the chairs,
Where *Bathurst* rules, and *Norton* glares,
There stands a table, where they place
The votes, the journals, and the mace :
“ Hence with that bauble ! ” Cromwell cried ;
And wisely too ; 'tis useless pride ;
Hence with it all ! it fills a place
A nobler ornament shall grace.
Here with capacious bulk, profound
As *Falstaff's* paunch, as *Plymouth's* round,
A vast *Buzaglo*, day by day,
Shall chase the noxious blasts away,
And spread an artificial glow,
Tho' Palace-yard be wrapt in snow. —
Around the flame, with vestal pride,
A *Fire-Committee* shall preside,

Ballotted by the same directions
As *Grenville's* lottery for elections;
With *Nominees*, to feed the fire,
And make it spread, and blaze the higher;
And *Chairmen* more sedately sage,
To quench its too excessive rage.

The fuel for such deep designs,
Nor springs from groves, nor lurks in mines;
Combustibles for state affairs
The press more speedily prepares;
The teeming press shall hither scatter
Rheams of inflammatory matter;
Here, "thoughts that glow and words that burn,"
To their own element shall turn;
But, shifted from their author's aims,
Shall spread more salutary flames.

Almon, by contract shall provide
The libels *vamp'd* for either side,
And stipulate throughout the season
To furnish proper stock of treason.
How bright will the *Buzaglo* glow,
While heaps of *Junius* blaze below!
What ardors will *Plain Truth* dispense
Fir'd with a page of *Common Sense*?
Yet in a moment 'twill be slack'd,
By thrusting in *Dean Tucker's* tract;
Again 'twill kindle in a trice,

Refresh'd with scraps of *Dr. Prite*;
Now smoulder slow with clumsy smoak,
While *Johnson's* fogs each passage choak;
Now hiss, and sputter, and besmear
The house with brimstone of *Shebbeare*.

O flattering hope, whose gilded ray,
Too oft bids raptur'd fancy stray!
Thy shadowy forms the muse deceive,
Or time shall bid her *Project* live,
Already, by thy fond presage,
Her blest *Buzaglo* melts the age;
Relenting Party feels its sway;
And Faction's vapors die away.

Behold the busy hour approaches,
When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coaches,
Rattle with senators each street in,
Impatient for the first day's meeting:
Mark well what looks! what anxious hopes!
Some con their metaphors and tropes;
Some, more secure, for fear of flaw,
Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras*;
Whence, if the treacherous memory halts,
The glancing eye repairs its faults.

But, lo! the royal cavalcade!
The trumpet sounds; the signal's made;
The Tower-guns tell the *speech* begun;
They fire again;—the *speech* is done.

Now let the full *Buzaglo* glow !
Spread wide the flame above, below :
Now *Montesquieu*, thy wisdom shines ;
Thy system 's true, 'tis heat refines :
Its genial influence all adore ;
And opposition is no more.

From bench to bench, in spite of gout,
The soften'd *Chatham* moves about :
“ My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d'ye do ?
“ I like the speech ; 'twas penn'd by you.
“ America has gone too far ;
“ We must support so just a war :
“ Its better than to put a curb on
“ The Spaniard, or the House of Bourbon.
“ Good-day, my Lord ! I could say more ;
“ But I must talk to *dear Lord Gower*.”
Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne*'s brows ;
How graciously to *Bute* he bows !
See *Camden* sitting as a friend by
Mansfield ! see *Richmond* close to *Denbigh* ;
Ev'n hardy *Devonshire* relents ;
He smiles and votes with the *Contents* ;
While *Abingdon*, at *Markham*'s nod,
Kisses the *magisterial* rod.

Their leaders gone, it follows duly,
The plastic minds of *Corke* and *Beaulieu*,

With half a score of silent votes,
Obey the times, and change their notes.
And ah, if *Fitzroy's* whim requires,
Ev'n *Hinchliff's* eloquence expires!
What wonder then their Lordships press,
Without division, the *Address*?

Now haste my Muse, at Fancy's summons,
To try thy Project on the *Commons*.
A secret sympathy espouses
The upper and the lower houses;
Thus half thy work 's already done;
Where *Chatham* hobbles, *Granby* 'll run.
If *Rockingham* became a *Turk*,
How *Mahomet* wou'd shine on *Burke*?
He'd send him his enlight'ning pigeon:
For party zeal is *Burke's* religion.

But some there are of firmer frame;
For them must the *Buzaglo* flame:
Grenville's with stubborn sense endued;
Saville but lives for public good.
Yet if ambition, or the weather
Some gloomy discontent should gather,
The temper'd air shall chase offence;
And blend good humor with good sense.
Behold at length ev'n *Barre* soften!
'I rise to oppose,' He murmur'd often:
But finding that, he knows not how,

Reluctant praise his words allow,
The hardy veteran sits him down;
Yet gives the *Treasury Bench* a frown.
Now mark the *Statesmen* of the City!
Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil! *Hayley* witty!
Sawbridge, so chang'd the scene appears,
Consents to keep *his* seat seven years;
Ev'n *Bull*, the savage *Bull*, looks tame!
And melts before the conq'ring flame.

Not so the *Luttrells*; in despair
The clamorous band besiege the chair.
"I burn, I burn," old *Irnham* cries:
The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wise;
But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge
Themselves, 'tis breach of privilege;
And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in,
Against this barb'rous stop to talking—
In vain; the House enjoy the effect
And the *Buzaglo* all protect.
But *Fox*, more warily, to gain
His dear delight to speak again,
Most humbly moves, since they approve
This potent wonder-working stove,
Lest some unseen mischance ensue,
They'd have a *Ventilator* too.
Tho' plausible his *Project* fails;
Thine, happy Muse, alone prevails.

The vanquish'd *Charles* to *Almack*'s fled,
The *Speech* is prais'd : the *Address* is read :
The *Question* carried *nemine con* :
The *House* is up : the business done.

EPISTLE XII.

THE
PLEASURES OF THE MIND.

KIND Nature, with a mother's joys
Her every art to charm employs,
For man—the golden King of day
Pours light, health, beauty, in his ray,
The Morn in silver tresses bright,
With milder charms salutes his sight,
And Night her shadowy curtain draws,
Indulging sleep's refreshing pause :
For man the purple finger'd Hours,
Dress beauteous Spring in new-blown flow'rs,
Teach her to breathe a rich perfume,
And smile with eye-enchancing bloom.
Then, ripe in beauty's glowing pride,
Blithe Summer, Sol's refulgent bride,
Bids Plenty revel o'er the plains,
And carol heart enlivening strains.
Next, Autumn calls the sylvan pow'rs,
To lay him soft in shady bow'rs,
Where grape and nectarine, plum and peach,
May tempting hang within his reach !

Last, Winter comes to rule the year
In sweet vicissitude severe.
See him on Zembla's mountains stand,
He stretches out his palsied hand,
And all his magazines unfold
Their copious hoards of ice and cold :
The hail, in vollies rattles round,
The snow descending, shrouds the ground :
Deep bellowing bursts of thunders roll,
And pleasing horror swells the soul,
With still improv'd delight, the mind
Beholds her powers unconfin'd,
She roves with Nature, and explains
What virtues live in secret veins
Of herbs ; bids Flora's children rise
In naked beauty to her eyes,
To the soft serenade of gales
Thro' ocean's liquid realms she sails,
Thro' pearly worlds, thro' coral groves,
Where every scaly wonder roves :
With Phoebus, in his chariot driv'n,
She journies thro' the expanse of heav'n ;
Now rolling round on Saturn's ring,
Now roving on the comet's wing,
And urging still her airy flight,
She gains those smiling realms of light,
Where sons of bliss, Immortals dwell,
In golden groves of asphodel.
Now conscious of celestial skill,
Her forming pow'r she tries at will,

Her pencil weds assenting dies,
And see a new-born world arise.
Here charms the eye the blossom'd grove,
Where, looking bliss, young Lovers rove ;
There serpentine the river glides,
And nibbling flocks adorn its sides,
Soft'ning to flesh the marble lives,
And takes each attitude she gives :
Here nerv'd to strength the Hero stands,
There Orators extend their hands,
The Patriot here, by Freedom's side,
Smiling pours out the vital tide ;
Here Beauty charms the gazing eye,
The Loves and Graces waiting by ;
Is it the breeze that wakes the Spring,
Or say, does Philomela sing,
And bid the list'ning ear rejoice ?
'Tis music tunes her heav'nly voice,
Her voice of sweetest skill to raise
The drooping heart ten thousand ways.
Now heav'n-caught fury fires the soul,
And spurning oft earth's dull control,
Vent'rous she wings her full-plum'd flight,
Detects new regions of delight ;
Led by th' enchantress Fancy roves,
The Muses' gay ideal groves,
Where countless beings strike her eye,
Confus'd in glitt'ring novelty :
But what the varied years delight,
Or what the mental ken so bright,

Or what the kind inspiring Muses,
To bliss that genuine love transfuses !
The parent fond impassion'd flow,
The filial duteous grateful glow,
Congenial friendship, heav'nly true,
And pity pressing balmy dew.
The feast of converse, that dispenses
Rapture to fill up all the senses,
Where Reason, Mirth, good Humor sit,
And Beauty sparkles into wit.
Here too, as in the natural scene,
Triumphs the Mind, creative queen,
Here Fancy, with illusion kind,
Indulges ev'ry longing mind,
Brings to the Lover, in despair
His mutually impassion'd Fair,
Adorns the frightful female face
With beauties cull'd from every Grace ;
Instructs Ambition's slave to nod,
And bids the reptile soar a God,
Applauds the Bard's prosaic songs,
Gives eloquence to stamm'ring tongues,
Lets Ocean's sons their haven gain,
Unbinds the Captive's galling chain ;
To Poverty each joy bestows,
From rich Humanity that flows,
Gives her at once herself to bless,
And charm the Virtues in distress,
Yet still reserves the sapient Mind,
Her darling free-born joy behind,

When with fond eyes she loves to trace
The beauties of her moral race,
And with blithe confidence can say,
She liv'd with Virtue ev'ry day,
That still she urg'd life's great design,
To fit herself for bliss divine ;
Then Conscience lends the plausible note,
Thro' ev'ry sense of joy to float,
Strikes music from each vital string,
That envies not when Angels sing ;
Dissolv'd in extasy she lies,
And sweetly pre-enjoys the skies.

EPISTLE XIII.

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE AT

PARK-PLACE,

The Seat of the Right Hon.

GENERAL CONWAY.

BY THE REV. MR. POWYS.

THE works of Art let others praise,
Where Pride her waste of wealth betrays,
And Fashion, independent grown,
Usurps her parent Nature's throne,
Lays all her fair dominions waste,
And calls the devastation Taste.
But I—who ne'er, with servile awe,
Give Fashion's whims the force of law,
Scorn all the glitter of expence,
When destitute of use and sense.
More pleas'd to see the wanton rill,
Which trickles from some craggy hill,
Free thro' the valley wind its way,
Than when, immur'd in walls of clay,
It strives in vain its bonds to break,
And stagnates in a crooked lake.

With sighs I see the native oak
Bow to th' inexorable stroke,
Whilst an exotic puny race
Of upstart shrubs usurps its place,
Which, born beneath a milder sky,
Shrink at a wintry blast, and die.
I ne'er behold without a smile
The venerable Gothic pile,
Which in our father's wiser age
Was shelter'd from the tempest's rage,
Stand to the dreary north expos'd,
Within a Chinese fence inclos'd.

For me, each leaden God may reign
In quiet o'er his old domain ;
Their claim is good by Poet's laws,
And Poets must support their cause.
But when old Neptune's fish-tail'd train
Of Tritons, haunts an upland plain ;
When Dian seems to urge the chace,
In a snug garden's narrow space ;
When Mars, with insult rude, invades
The virgin Muses' peaceful shades ;
With light'ning arm'd, when angry Jove
Scares the poor tenants of the grove,
I cannot blindly league with those,
Who thus the Poet's creed oppose.
To Nature, in my earliest youth,
I vow'd my constancy and truth ;
When in her Hardwicke's much-lov'd shade

Enamour'd of her charms I stray'd :
 And as I rov'd the woods among,
 Her praise in lisp'ing numbers sung ;
 Nor will I now resign my heart,
 A captive to her rival art.
 Far from the pageant scenes of pride,
 She still my careless steps shall guide,
 Whether by Contemplation led,
 The rich romantic wilds I tread,
 Where Nature, for her pupil man,
 Has sketch'd out many a noble plan ;
 Or whether from yon wood-crown'd brow,
 I view the lovely vale below.
 For when, with more than common care,
 Nature had sketch'd her landscape there,
 Her Conway caught the fair design,
 And soften'd ev'ry harsher line ;
 In pleasing lights each object plac'd,
 And heighten'd all the piece with taste.
 O Conway ! whilst the public voice
 Applauds our Sov'reign's well weigh'd choice,
 Fain would my patriot Muse proclaim
 The Statesman's and the Soldier's fame :
 And bind immortal on thy brow
 The civic crown and laurel bough.
 But tho' unskill'd to join the choir,
 Who aptly tune the courtly lyre,
 Though with the vassals of thy state,
 I never at thy levee wait,

Yet be it oft my happier lot,
To meet thee in this rural cot,
To see thee here thy mind unbend,
And quit the Statesman for the Friend?
Whilst smiles unbought, and void of art,
Spring genuine from the social heart.

Happy the Muse, which here retir'd,
By gratitude like mine inspir'd;
Dupe to no party, loves to pay
To worth like thine, her grateful lay:
And in no venal verse commend,
The Man of Taste, and Nature's friend.

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EPISTLE XIV.

WRITTEN FROM

LISBON.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WHILE you, my Friend, from lowring wintery plains,
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonor'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the Sun to play on Isis' stream ;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire
And join the circle round the social fire ;
In other clime through sun-bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste ;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene, my roaming eyes explore,

Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
'Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
Beat down of late by Albion when it gored
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe th' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Destined alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes,
The gallant deeds of antient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd

By Isis' hallowed stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted band,
While Lisboa awed with horror saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led ;
And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires ;
Almada Hill to English Memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here !

To ancient English valor sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill ;
The hill and lawns to English valor given
What time the Arab Moons from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood
By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains
Where ancient honor wild and ardent reigns.

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowers,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the Ocean rears
Its western edge ; where dimly disappears
The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore ;

Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.
Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valor still renown'd :
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore ;
And still their Lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland famous in the Croisade Hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks ; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white
Climb o'er the steeps, and thro' the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-piled base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.

Here while the Sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let Fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,

Pursue the present and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.

Nor you, my Friend, admiring Rome, disdain
Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
While Italy, obscured in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store;
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untraced in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe
Thro' Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They mined the mountain, and explored the field;
'Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Boetis' flood
Were dyed with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lour'd.

Here while the Youth revolves some Hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear ;
Where Viriatus proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steeped in gore ;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound ;
A wound still bathed in Honor's generous tear ;
While Freedom's wounds the brave and good revere ;
Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain
O'er Rome's patrician honor false and vain !

Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallowed fire ;
If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Ev'ra's fields let dread Sertorius rise.
Dyed in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs revenged, illustrious let him ride
Enshrined, o'er Spain, in Victory's dazzling rays,
'Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the British wanderer thro' the dales
Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails :
There as the hoary villagers relate
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,

Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew ;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife ;
As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as stings each Leader's rage or pain ;
And each the furious Leader in his turn,
'Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye trampers on your country's mounds,
Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds ?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood ?
Alas, full oft some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind Fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, foundr'd, strew the coast !

If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause,
To humanise barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise ;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato laid the cities waste,
And Julius here in fairer pride replaced,
'Till ages saw the labors of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome ;
Hers mighty bards, and hers the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debased in false refinement nerveless lay,
The northern hords on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd,
A sordid groupe the Belgian marshes pleased,
And Saxony's wild forests Freedom seized,
There held her juries, poised the legal scales ;—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive Lover sought ; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favor'd clime ! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy ;
'Till rapt devotion to the Fair, refine
And bend each passion low at Honor's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the Fair with valor fraught :
Soon as Iberia's mountains fixt his home,
He rose a character unknown to Rome ;
His manners wildly color'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers :
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender Fair reclines with fondest trust :
With Nature's finest touch exulting glows

The manly breast which that fond aid bestows :
That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervor glow'd.
Then high burn'd honor ; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assumed the dearest charms.
What for the Fair was dared or suffered, bore
A saint-like merit, and was envied more ;
'Till led by love-sick Fahcy's dazzled flight,
From Court to Court forth roam'd Adventure's
Knight ;

And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honor'd scars
Of arduous battles for their country fought,
'Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd ; and each peaceful shade,
With batter'd armour deckt, its Knight display'd,
In soothing transport, listening to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain ;
Of spells all horror, and enchanter's dire,
And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
When Knights and Ladies chaste, relieved from thrall,
Hold Love's high holiday in bower and hall.

'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought ;
Till by the Muses armed, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's Knight ; and sudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,

As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal skies,

But turn we now from Chivalry diseased,
To Chivalry when Honor's wreath she seized
From Wisdom's hand. — From Taurus' rugged
steep,

And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den,
Rush'd the devouring bands of Sarazen :
Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on human kind,
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to th' Atlantic wave :
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human Liberty expiring groan'd
When Chivalry arose :—Her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watch'd, and stedfast purpose
frown'd

Mixt with Devotion's fire, she darted round,
Stern and indignant ; on her glittering shield
The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plumed she rush'd ; by Honor's dazzling fired,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspired
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Sarazen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay,

Let supercilious Wisdom's smiling pride
 The passion wild of these bold days deride ;
 But let the humbler Sage with reverence own
 That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
 Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown ;
 Something that boasts an impulse uncontrol'd
 By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
 Fired at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
 I tread ; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
 Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits tell
 How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell ;
 Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
 And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold :—
 Yes, let the Youth whose generous search explores
 The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
 Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
 Of eve or morn where low the Moorish tower,
 Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
 Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
 Let him with joy behold the hills around
 With olive forests, and with vineyards crown'd,
 All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
 Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year,
 Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
 Alas ! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn ;
 And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the towers
 Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lowers ;
 Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
 That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain,
 And whence these woes debasing human kind ?

Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardor, dared the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood;
Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia's plains:
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains:
Vain was the hope the North might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove, the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagrez braves
And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So braved, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by Chivalry repell'd,
And such the honors that adorn'd her shield.
And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
And ardent soul of gallant Chivalry,
Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply!

As through the pictured abbey window gleams
The evening Sun with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend shade of ancient days

Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing Fancy as it warms
O'er these, high honor's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the stern ambition and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot Kings call'd forth;
That worth that roused the nations to explore
Old Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.

By human eye untempted, unexplored,
An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd :
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
Appears the height untry'd of upper sky ;
So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
Involved and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the Sun their eyes
Through gulphs unknown explor'd the morning skies ;
And taught the wondering world the grand design
Of parent heaven, that shore to shore should join
In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
And Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

And here, my Friend, how many a trophy woos
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse !
Here bids the youthful Traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd shew ;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage ;
Those arts which raised that race of Men, who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,

While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's Naval School its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd !
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast ; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews ;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope vanish from the shore ;
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return !
What heroes, plumed with conquest, proudly bring
The Eastern sceptres to the Lusian King !
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on !
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.

Broad was the firm-based structure and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime :
On justice and benevolence he placed
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies graced
Its mounting turrets ; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerque renown'd its generous pride.

The injured native sought its friendly shade,
And India's Princes blest its powerful aid :
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread daemon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valor reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profaned.
Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honor bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base :
Deceitful art the Chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom ; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye markt its prey,
Soon through the rocks that crost his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay dishonor'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valor or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermined and rent the mighty pile ;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore,
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore :
Its falling turrets desolation spread ;
And from its faithless shade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued ;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood :
A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
Oft raised its turrets, and its dread restored.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day

On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim ;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallowed rage of game accurst ;
Against each spring of action, on the breast
For wisest ends, by Nature's hand imprest,
Stern war they waged ; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fired,
Silent from their unhallowed board retired ;
The Base and Cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smiled and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their Tyrant Lords they led :
Their av'rice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway ;
Till secret art assumed the thwarting face,
And dictate bold ; and ruin and disgrace
Closed the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injured native, and the foe
From Belgia lured by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay ;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Was ancient Lusian Virtue stain'd and lost :
On Tago's banks, heroic ardor's foes,
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose ;

Of lofty boastful look and pompous shew,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low :
Yet wildly sartin' from the gaming board
At every distant brandish of the sword ;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread ;—
Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain ;
And the wide empires of the East no more
Poured their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my Friend, how vain the fairest boast
Of human pride ! how soon is Empire lost !
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd !
And shall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmoved, and no sad likeness trace !
Ah heaven ! in every scene, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
That mighty scene of Hist'ry's shame and praise.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
From slaughter'd thousands shrieking to the skies,
As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore
Roll'd their dire chariot wheels through streams of
gore.
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ ;

I hear the triumph of a nation's joy,
From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And Independence and the Throne restored !

Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock ! the air
Trembles with horror ; fainting lightnings glare ;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell ;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell ;
Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound ;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils ;
Ah heaven, what dreadful groan ! the rising gales
Bring light ; and Lisboa smoaking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still shew the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloath'd in howling darkness, trod ;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell ;
And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls are seen
In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
Was trod by Nobles and by Kings before ;
How like, alas, her Indian empire's state !
How like the city's and the nation's fate !
Yet Time points forward to a brighter day ;
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow and mien of promise high ;
Points to the river-shore where wide and grand
The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,

As an Imperial palace to retain
The Universal Queen, and fix her reign ;
Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound ;
By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinished grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise ;
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine ;
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial Fate,
The sea-like port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,
Thy Genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wandering childhood sprightly rose ;
And when to green and youthful vigor grown
On Tago's breast she fixt her central throne ;
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep ;
Far from the foul-winged Winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with storms on storms ;
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the ventrous and returning sails :

The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold :
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves carest ;
And Afric woos and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide ;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.

When Heaven decreed low to the dust to bring
That lofty oak, Assyria's boastful King,
Deep, said the angel voice, the roots secure
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign,
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their length'ning train,
Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste !—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promised the returning day
Of Lisboa's honors, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd Age's crime—
Now Heaven-taught Science and her liberal band
Of Arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant Queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign serene,
Of omen high.—And Camoens' Ghost no more

Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore ;
No more his tears the barbarous Age upbraid :
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy Shade
Beheld th' Ulysses of his age return
To Tago's banks ; and earnest to adorn
The Hero's brows, he weaves the Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd Chiefs of old renown,
And patriot Heroes, in the Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza : of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwined with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves ;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain !
That long his toil unfinished may remain !

The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
To see a nation rise ! But ah, my Friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend !
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools tost,
Each power to save in counter-action lost,
Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity slow falters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast ;
By Faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspired and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my Friend, that favoring Fate forbodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,

From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung ;
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again relume its generous fires :
No future day may such fair Frame restore :
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more.

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH,

FROM
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
M. B.

THE
TRAVELLER;

OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;

Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their ev'ning fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care :
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain

That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine ;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies :
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side:
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for awhile my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
state;

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
Each nobler aim repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Caesars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But Man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest,

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,

Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing Science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,

For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow.
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
parts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,

And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd.
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;

Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms ;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame ;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statues draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And vast Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind :
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

END OF

EPISTLES DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

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NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

EPISTLE I.

Page 1. DR. EVANS though scarcely known but for some bitter epigrams, was once celebrated at Oxford as a Poet, and is mentioned by Pope, with whom he corresponded, together with Swift and Young. Being admitted of St. John's College, he became fellow and bursar, and was vicar of St. Gyles's in Oxford.

8. —the Epidaurian leech.] Aesculapius.

10. Her squares of Horticulture—

By Danby planted—] The Physic Garden at Oxford, was the donation of Henry Danvers earl of Danby; who bought for the purpose five acres of ground, surrounded it with a wall which he ornamented with several handsome entrances, and annexed an annual income for its proper cultivation. The institution was further patronized by Dr. Sheppard, who on his return from Smyrna, where he had been for some time consul, enriched it with a fine

collection of exotics, added a library of botanical books, and augmented the professor's stipend.

12. *Wainfleet*———] The founder of Magdalen College.

EPISTLE II.

Page 18. The Author of this Epistle was educated at Oxford, for the profession of medicine, but quitted it through a predilection for painting, which he cultivated with attention abroad, and practised for his amusement in private. He had some employment from the crown under the Duke of Buckingham who was attached to him, wrote several lives in the "English School of Painters," translated a Novel from Cervantes, and printed several little poems.—An account of VERRIO may be seen in Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

EPISTLE III.

Page 21. As on the winding banks of Yare I stray.] The river whence Yarmouth derives its name.

22. *Nor, blest with Ridley, want Apollo's aid.]*

GLOSTER RIDLEY, L. L. D. of whose poetical talents several specimens will be given.

ibid. ——*ancient Elmham*———] [North] Elmham, now a small village, formerly the bishop's see, which is now at Norwich. WALPOLE.

23. *Where Coke's remains, &c.]* Tittleshall, a village, in the church of which is the burial-place of the noble family of Coke, and a very fine marble monument of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King James I. and ancestor to the last Earl of Leicester. W.

ibid. —Raynham—] The seat of Lord Viscount Townshend. W.

25. *Laocoon here in pain still seems to breathe,]* The statue of Laocoon in bronze by Girardon. W.

ibid. See! the proud Rabbins, at the sumptuous board,] The picture of Mary Magdalen washing Christ's feet, by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, born at Antwerp, 1577, and died 1640. W.

*ibid. On the next cloth behold Van Dyck display
Celestial innocence, immortal day:*

His pencil here no more with nature vies,] The Holy Family, with a dance of Angels, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, a scholar of Rubens, born at Antwerp 1599, and died 1641. W.

These, as Mr. Duncombe remarks, are melancholy mementos, when we reflect that all these noble remains, to us now dead and buried in Russia, are as much lost to the English in general as if they had been carved by Phidias, and painted by Apelles.

26. *Behold! where Stephen fainting yields his breath,]* The stoning of St. Stephen, by Eustache Le Sueur, born at Paris 1655, and died 1677. W.

26. *Here too Albani's pencil charms the eye;*] John baptising Christ, by Francis Albani, who died 1660.

W.

ibid. Sweet modest charms the Virgin's cheek adorn,] An assumption of the Virgin Mary, by Morellio. W.

ibid. The next gay room is known by Carlo's name,] The green-velvet drawing-room is called the Carlo Maratti room, from being filled with pictures by that master and his scholars. W.

Carlo Maratti was born at Rome, 1625; was a scholar of Andrea Sacchi; and died 1713. W.

ibid. Look on yon Pope, nor wonder if he speaks.] A portrait of Clement IX. W.

ibid. Spread sportive Loves and laughing Cherubs round;] He painted the Judgment of Paris, in this room, when he was 83. W.

27. *With summer here the cloth Bassano warms,*] The Bassans, father and sons, were very eminent landscape painters about the middle and towards the end of the sixteenth century. W.

28. *On the sad cloth the world's great Master dead.*] Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Parmegiano. W.

ibid. Whose life insatiate war itself could spare.] Francis Mazzuoli, commonly called Parmegiano, was born 1504, and died 1540. There is a story of this master at the taking of Parma, like that of Archimedes, and also like that of Protogenes, at the taking of Rhodes, while he was painting his famous Ialysus. W.

28. *Now, as Aeneas in the Stygian glades*

Wondering beheld departed heroes shades,

Amidst the forms of worthies dead we range,] In

the yellow drawing-room are portraits, by Van Dyck, of lord chief baron Wandesford, lord and lady Whar-ton, their daughters, archbishop Laud, king Charles the first and his queen. The portrait of the earl of Danby now hangs in the great parlour. W.

ibid. The next great form with melancholy eye,]

Charles the first. W.

29. *But see where Kneller now our eye commands]*

Sir Godfrey Kneller. W.

ibid. See mighty William's fierce determin'd eye,]

King William the third on horseback. W.

ibid. Next in the steady lines of Brunswick's face,

Majestic manly honesty we trace ;] George the first on horseback. W.

31. *What strokes, what colors, Snyders could command!*

How great the power of Rubens' daring hand!]

The four markets, by Rubens and Snyders. W.

ibid. See! Mola next the Roman deeds displays,

That bids our hearts be patriot as we gaze.] The stories of Curtius and Cocles, by Mola, born 1609, died 1665. W.

ibid. Here Julio's wondrous buildings still appear,] A piece of architecture, by Julio Romano, born 1492, died 1546. W.

ibid. Great shade of Poussin! from the Muse receive]

Here are the stories of Scipio's continence, and of

Moses striking the rock, by Nicolo Poussin, born 1594, and died 1665. W.

33. *With scenes too sad Salvator strives to please,*] A very capital picture of the prodigal son on his knees at prayers amidst the herd of swine, by Salvator Rosa, born 1614, and died 1673. W.

ibid. *Pure beams of light around the Virgin play,*] The famous picture, by Guido, of the doctors of the church disputing on the immaculate conception. Guido Reni, born 1575, and died 1642. W.

34. *Thee too, Lorrain, the well-pleas'd Muse should name,*] Claud. Gille of Lorrain, born 1600, and died 1682. W.

ibid. *Nor e'er forget Domenichini's fame,*] Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichini, born 1561, and died 1641. W.

ibid. *May we like Walpole, meet the fatal day!*] Catharine Shorter, first wife to Sir Robert Walpole, whose merits are inscribed by her youngest son, the honorable Horace Walpole, on the tomb he erected in Westminster-Abbey, at once a monument of piety and taste.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 35. For a more particular account of these venerable ruins, the Reader is refered to Mr. Gilpin's "Observations on the river Wye," p. 31, &c.

35. *See the ridg'd tide with sober grandeur heave,
And float in triumph o'er the river-wave.*] This

manner of the coming-in of the tide to the river Severn is called the Eager, or the Hyger, of the Severn. There is a beautiful allusion to it in bishop Sprat's History of the Royal Society. D.

36. *Here, noble Stafford, thy unfinish'd dome,*] The remains of a noble seat begun by Stafford Duke of Buckingham. DAVIES.

ibid. And thence the long-stretch'd race of Berkeley come.] Berkeley-castle, the seat of the Earl of Berkeley.

37. *Where Vaga mingles with Sabrina's tide.*] The rivers Wye, and Severn. D.

ibid. Ascending Chepstow shews its castled seat.] Chepstow-castle in Monmouthshire, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 39. Dr. Yalden, or, as Wood styles him, Youlding, was a younger son of John Youlding who had been page to Charles I. when Prince, and after the Restoration, an exciseman at Oxford. Our Author, born in that city, from being originally a chorister of Magdalen, became a demy and probationer fellow. He took the degree of Doctor in Divinity in the year 1708.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 47. The two Ladies here addressed, were the honorable Miss Lowthers, daughters to the late Lord Lonsdale.

ibid. From sulph'rous damp, &c.] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infested with fulminating damp; large quantities of them being frequently collected in those deserted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air: and, in such works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any mischief. But when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

ibid. From bursting streams, &c.] The coal in these mines hath, several times, been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months; until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts where the coal was on fire. By such fires, several collieries have been intirely destroyed; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland; in some of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations.

48. *The Daemons of the mine restrains, &c.*] In order to prevent, as much as possible, the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damps, it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevices in the coal, from whence they issue out; and at those places, to confine them within a narrow space; and from those narrow spaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air; where being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames, as they continually arise out of the earth.

49. *And summons, &c.*] Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged to use great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air; which afford the miners a constant supply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration.

ib. Nor strikes the flint, &c.] It having been observed by Mr. Spedding, who superintends these collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Prospero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel; he invented a machine, in which, while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery sparks are emitted, that af-

ford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their work in close places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

50. *But on You move, &c.*] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by the opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal. Being arrived at the coal, he may suppose himself still to descend, by ways less steep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundest parts of the mine. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof.

ibid. *A triple story, &c.*] There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another. The mines wrought in these parallel strata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different stories of a building.

50. *Thick Acherontic rivers, &c.*] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one stream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and so very corrosive, that it quickly consumes iron.

ibid. How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow, &c.] Those who descend into these mines, find them most close and sultry in the middle parts, that are most remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to those pits which are sunk to the deepest parts of the mines; down which pits, large streams of fresh air are made to descend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

51. *Where Earth, &c.*] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plane, but, instead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downwards; one part of the earth seeming to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its ancient situation. In some of these places, the earth may have sunk ten or twenty fathoms, or more; in other places, less than one fathom. These breaks, the miners call Dykes; and when they come at one of them, their first care is to discover whether the strata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working: or, (to use their own terms) whether the coal be cast down, or cast up. If it be cast down,

they sink a pit to it; but if it be cast up to any considerable height, they are often-times obliged, with great labor and expence, as at the place here described, to carry forwards a level or long gallery through the rock, until they again arrive at the stratum of coal.

51. *Whose roofs, &c.*] These colors, with which the free-stone roof of the mines is beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds, seem to proceed from exsudations of salts, ocher, and other earthy substances.

ibid. *While pent within the iron womb, &c.*] The author hath here taken occasion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does such honor to this nation. He has endeavored to describe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elastic steam, and the great power of the atmosphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and discharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest fire-engines now in use, (the diameter of whose cylinder is seventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. And that as much water may be raised by an engine of this size kept constantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practised in many mines; or as

much as can be borne up on the shoulders of twice that number of men ; as is said to be done in some of the mines of Peru.—So great is the power of the air in one of those engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery ; which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen strokes ; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be discharged from mines that are not above sixty or seventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcastle collieries, or in any of the English collieries, those of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's *Lexicon Technicum*.—Many great improvements have been made to it since, and are daily making ; several of which are related in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The best account of it, its various improvement and uses, is, I think, in Dr. Desaguliers's course of experimental philosophy, vol. 11.

52. *Above your heads, &c.*] The mines are here sunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought ; and perhaps the miners have not, in any other part of the globe, penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea ; the

very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

54. *Your native stream, &c.*] The river Lowther.

55. *On azure roofs, &c.*] The houses of this country are covered with a beautiful blue slate.

ibid. *Sweet Keswick's vale, &c.*] This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr. Brown in a letter to a friend. "In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

"Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landskip of cultivated fields rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves

of oak, happily dispersed ; and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached : on these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests ; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence : while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rise around, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories : in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain ; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity :

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen.——

“ Were I to analyse the two places in their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united ; the second of

which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little; nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence; but to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steepes, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

“So much, for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern side of this immense

amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of coloring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields; these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace; when the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea; but in calm weather the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landskip in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for

here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen ; and rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more ; which is, that a walk by still moonlight (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, open such scenes of delicate beauty, repose and solemnity, as exceed all description."

56. *Of dread Lodore, &c.*] A very high cascade here falls into the lake of Derwentwater, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as described above.

57. *Channels by rocky torrents torn, &c.*] For an account of an extraordinary storm in a part of this country, called St. John's vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, see a letter from Cockermouth, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 66. *What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream ;*] ' The angler's May-fly, the *ephemera vulgata* of Linnaeus, comes forth from its aurelia state, and emerges out of the water about six

in the evening, and dies about eleven at night, determining the date of its fly state in about five or six hours. They usually begin to appear about the 4th of June, and continue in succession near a fortnight. See *Swammerdam, Derham, Scopoli, &c.*'

66. ————*the vagrant cuckoo*——] 'So called, because, being tied down by no incubation or attendance about the nutrition of its young, it wanders without control.'

ibid. ————*the clamorous curlew*——] 'Chraradrius oedictemus.'

67. ————*the shrill cricket*——] 'Gryllus campestris.'

ibid. *While high in air, and pris'd upon his wings,*

Unseen, the soft enamour'd woodlark sings:] 'In hot summer nights woodlarks soar to a prodigious height and hang singing in the air.'

ibid. ————*the glow-worm lights her amorous fire!*] 'The light of the female glow-worm (as she often crawls up the stalk of a grass to make herself more conspicuous) is a signal to the male, which is a slender dusky *scarabæus*.'

68. *Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.]* 'See the story of *Hero and Leander*.'

EPISTLE IX.

Page 75. ————*the mountain's side*] That part of the Wicklōw mountains which lies about three miles to the South of Dublin.

81. *Where the proud Gaulties lift their awful brow,*
A range of mountains in the county of Tipperary.

ibid. *And thee, dear village! loveliest of the clime,*
Tipperary.

82. *Again, methinks I see the service spread,*
The cold provisions on the cakes of bread.]

— Adorea liba per herbam
Subjiciunt epulis, &c. VIR. ÆN. VII. 110.

ibid. *The plates themselves—the quarter'd cakes of*
flour,]

— Malisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crustæ, patulis nec parcere quadris :
Heus ? etiam Mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus.
VIR. ÆN. VII. 114.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 92. This epistle was originally preceded by
the following DEDICATION to the DEAN.

REVEREND SIR,

I should not take the liberty to recommend a meer
Poem to your attention, were it not, in some degree,
sanctified by the subject of which it treats ; and more
particularly entitled to your regard from the great
purpose it is designed to promote—For *The Project* re-
lates to Politics ; that weighty science, which, accord-
ing to your candid confession, is at least of equal im-
portance with Religion—And the object it aims at, is
the same in regard to all our political disputes, as
yours avowedly is upon the one great contest of the

present times—To cut off the distempered bough, was your Project; mine strikes at the very root of all opposition.

It was in consequence of an attentive perusal of your *Tracts*, that I set myself to search for this grand Arcanum.—After ranging in vain through Grotius, Bur amaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, without making the desired discovery—But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils—I need not refresh your memory with the particulars of his system upon the relation between climate and national character—It would, however, be great presumption to arrogate to myself the merit of a discovery, which I owe entirely to that profound Philosopher; it being from him that I have learnt to account for all variations of temper, by the operation of the atmosphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce similar degrees of cowardice or courage—so that it solely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkish slavery, or braced and hardened into English freedom—Upon this foundation My Project is raised—which I submit to your wisdom and candor—but, as most Projectors are of a sanguine temper, and, as I own, I entertain no doubt of the full success of *my* Project, I cannot conclude, without protesting against that *Nolo Episcopari* which accompanied *yours*—Nothing can be more opposite to my sentiments than your total abju-

ration of all possible reward for your political labors—On the contrary, I hereby most solemnly engage to receive with much readiness, all honorable recompences which these my researches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wisdom to bestow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

Reverend Sir,

Your most devoted Disciple,

The AUTHOR.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 108. *When in her Hardwicke's much-lov'd shade*
The Seat of P. Powys, Esq. in Oxfordshire.

109. *O Conway! whilst the public voice*

Applauds our Sov'reign's well-weigh'd choice,

General Conway was at this time Secretary of State.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 111. Mr. Mickel was the son of a Scottish clergyman on the confines of England, from whom he received all his Father could give him, a tolerable education. Indigence, however, was not the only impediment to his advancement, for both his appearance and manner were considerably against him; nor was it till late in life, and after he had been slighted by a noble Duke, from whom he might have expected protection, that Governor Johnson befriended him. His first adventure in life was on ship-board, but the indolence of his disposition disqualifying him for the

active service of the sea, he quitted that occupation, and commenced corrector of the press. In the latter capacity he was employed by Mr. Jackson of Oxford, and, till he commenced poet, was much noticed by Mr. Warton. Having derived some pecuniary advantages from his literary productions, he chose for his residence in a sequestered situation near Oxford, whence he occasionally visited the University and London. On the appointment of Mr. Johnson to his command, he took Mr. Mickle with him as Secretary, and afterwards carried him to Lisbon. There, the attention he had bestowed on the *Lusiad* was acknowledged in the most flattering manner, and the literary honors of that country were liberally conferred upon him. Being now easy in his circumstances, Mr. Mickle indulged his love both of ease and of letters, but his enjoyment was of short duration. He was author of a tract or two in prose of no extraordinary merit, and of several little poems, beside his translation. His best production is *Sir Martyn*, which was at first entitled *THE CONCUBINE*, and deserves commendation not only for its moral tendency but also its poetic beauty. To the Epistle from Lisbon Mr. Mickle prefixed the advertisement subjoined.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Though no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or senti-

mental ; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue ; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candor the author has already amply experienced.

In the Twelfth Century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors, Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the Castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins shew it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both Leaders were successful ; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the Castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the

south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the Castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the Author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which it may be allowed, was natural to the Translator of the *LUSIAD*; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus, (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the Rock of Cintra to the Castle and City of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean.

113. *Where Gama march'd his death-devoted band,]*

The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East-Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. "On the next day when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitantants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death." *Introduc't. to the Lusiad.*

114. *Proud domes and villages array'd in white*] The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the Sun.

115. *The stream of Lethe,*] The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*; "Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius, Limaeas, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the River of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, *Odys. ix.* There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

116. *Where Viriatus proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep't in gore;*] This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain

116. *O'er Ev'ra's fields let dread Sertorius rise.*]

Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

117. *Here jealous Cato laid the cities waste,*] According to History, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

ibid. *And Julius here in fairer pride replaced,*] Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

121. *Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits—*] are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the first about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

122. *Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia's plains:*] The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France:

When Charlemagne with all his Peerage fell

By Fontarabia——

MILTON.

ibid. *Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks——*] The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viseo, resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal opposite to Africa.

124. *Great Albuquerque renown'd its generous pride.*] Albuquerque, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the History of Portuguese Asia.

126. *A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,*] Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia; and while they were subject to Spain, the principal

people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

127. *From slaughter'd thousands shrieking to the skies.*] Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez a Taylor. Some time after on the death of Fernando, Andeyro, the Queen's favorite, was stabbed in her presence, the Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherent's became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

128. *I hear the triumph of a nation's joy,*] When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events

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in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honor.

128. *Beneath the roofless palace walls are seen*] This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypsies of England.

ibid. The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,] The *Praça de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

130. *That lofty oak, Assyria's boastful King,*] See Daniel, ch. iv.

ibid. Boast the fair opening of a reign serene,] Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in July 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafões, &c. &c. &c. The Author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honor to be admitted a member.

131. *No more his tears the barbarous Age upbraid:*] Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his *Lusiad* at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portugese empire in India was falling into ra-

pid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of books V. and VII. of his *Lusiad*, he severely upbraids the Nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died, neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavoring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

131. *Beheld th' Ulysses of his age return*

To Tago's banks, &c.] This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every Court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of History and Science.

EPISTLE XV.

Page 133. OLIVER, or, as he was commonly called, DOCTOR GOLDSMITH, was the third son of a clergyman in Ireland, and born 1729 at Elphin in the county of Roscommon. Having received his classical instruction at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin; where, though not till two years after the ordinary period, he took the first degree in arts. Turning his thoughts to the study of medicine, he proceeded to Edinburgh for that purpose; but was soon obliged to leave Scotland, through an embarrassment in which his good nature had involved him, and from which he was set free, by his two fellow-students, Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh. Thence, passing over to Holland, he visited Brussels, Strasburgh, and Louvain, and having, in the last university, taken the degree of Bachelor in Physic, he proceeded on to Geneva. The greater part of this tour he travelled on foot, subsisting on such casual hospitalities as fell in his way. His learning was a sufficient passport to most of the religious houses, and the music of his flute to the sheds of the peasants.

During his stay at Geneva, where he engaged himself as Tutor to an attorney's clerk just come to a fortune, he improved his poetic talents, and thence transmitted to his brother the first sketch of his *Tra-*

veller. From Switzerland, he accompanied his pupil to the South of France, where, being unhandsomely discharged, he had fresh difficulties to encounter. Shaping his course towards England, he at length reached the metropolis, possessed only of two-pence. Destitute of every resource he sought employment as a shopman, and at length was employed by a chymist. In this situation he continued, till finding his old friend Dr. Sleigh, he was recommended by him to assist Dr. Milner in his Academy at Peckham. Here, commencing writer, he was engaged by Mr. Griffiths in the Monthly Review; and the better to carry on his literary pursuits, he took lodgings in London. Green-Arbor-Court in the Old Bailey, was the first situation he chose; but on being employed by Newbery in the Ledger, and becoming more known, he moved thence to the Temple. The publication of his *Traveller, Vicar of Wakefield*, (in which he pourtrayed himself) and *Good-natured Man*, acquired him considerable reputation; which the *Deserted Village* augmented. His other Comedy was also attended with unexpected success. Indeed such now was his literary fame that he is said to have cleared in one year by his pen no less a sum than 1800*l*. His imprudencies, however, kept pace with his gains, for, having an unfortunate attachment to gaming, he became a constant dupe of the crafty and unprincipled.

Depending still on his pen, he projected a Dictionary of the Sciences, and actually printed the *pro-*

speculus of his plan, but not succeeding as he wished, the scheme was reluctantly dropped.

Having at times been afflicted with the stranguary, and harrassed with various vexations, he fell into a state of despondence. This being followed by a nervous fever, which was improperly treated, he was cut off in the 45th year of his age. As he lived in esteem with some amongst the first characters of the time, he was to have been buried by them in Westminster Abbey, but the design was somehow relinquished, and his body interred in the Temple. A monument, however, in the Abbey, is erected to his memory, with an inscription by Johnson, in latin.

This Epistle was introduced by the following DEDICATION:

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the laborers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the laborers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principle amusement among unpolished nations: but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favor once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favor of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find plea-

sure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE END.

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I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE END.

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